

Art Exhibitions in Boston

Museum Is Storehouse of U.S. Art

Notables of Nineteenth Century Very Well Represented There

By RUTH MARSTERS
IF YOU listen to an art evening's broadcast of the "Art in America" series, you are probably in the mood to look at paintings by the nineteenth century artists which you heard discussed.

You will find them well represented at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

There are two excellent portraits of Thomas Eakins, of whom Will Whitman said: "He is not a painter but a force."

One of the greatest artists of his day, his very keenness of perception and artistic honesty were stumbling blocks to financial success. People were afraid to let him paint their portraits for, to quote one contemporary:

"He would bring out all the traits of my character I have been trying to hide from the public for years."

JOHN LA FAIRIE, who, in addition to being a portrait and landscape painter of note, became famous for the lovely coloring and design of his stained glass windows, and whose mural in Trinity Church, Boston, and in the Church of the Atonement, New York, have never been surpassed in this country, is represented at the Museum at present with thirty-one paintings.

The Sargent exhibition of water color and oils totals almost a hundred.

While all these painters were important because, through their studies abroad, they brought European culture into American art, William Morris Hunt was the first and the strongest influence in that direction.

HUNT was born in Brattleboro, Vt., on March 31, 1824. His early advantage was that of the best for his mother, an understanding woman whose artistic impulses had been bred to a strict and narrow faith, but with every effort to aid her son in his chosen career.

He quit Harvard after three years' attendance. Mr. Hunt then took him abroad and during their stay in Rome entered the studio of the sculptor H. K. Brodier.

His good was his work and so great his love of art that he decided to devote his life to it.

Hunt was then assigned to Düsseldorf, considered the center of Europe, to continue his study of sculpture, but his avocation there was short as he disliked the system of study, believing that the study of art should be a pleasure and not a forced drill. He therefore left Germany for Paris with the intention of entering the studio of Pradier. However, upon his arrival he happened to come upon Couture's beautiful "Falconer" in the window of Dore's art store.

"That is painting, I am a painter," he is said to have exclaimed, and he entered Couture's studio immediately.

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In 1862 Hunt returned to America, took a studio in Boston and became an artist. He had many devoted followers and it was he, with John La Farge, his pupil, and Jones who were responsible for the growth of the French influence here, an influence much fostered by American artists who had fallen under the spell of the German school of Düsseldorf which produced colored, tightly drawn figures.

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Greeting Colonial Cruiser

AMONG prominent citizens to greet the Colonial Cruiser on the 14th day Hudson-Terraplane "ruggedness run" was Rep. John W. McCormack, shaking hands with John McLaughlin of the Henley Kimball Company, driver of the car in the Boston area.

Cold-Pit Is Better Than Cold Frame

By EDWARD C. VICK
Home Garden Editor

A cold-frame is useful for safely wintering what may be described as half-hard plants. Plants which will stand considerable cold, over a long season, but which cannot survive freezing. They can be taken up from the garden in the autumn and placed in a tolerably light and dry cellar and be transplanted again in the garden. Few cellars are fit to preserve plants over winter. A cold-frame or a cold-pit answers the purpose very well.

A cold-pit is better than a cold-frame. It is an outdoor cellar expressly made for the preservation of plants in cold weather. Many of the more hardy greenhouse plants may be kept safely in a pit of this kind. Abutilons, Bonvardias, Camellias, Grapes, Myrtles, Grapes, Fuchsias, Lantanas, Laurels, Pomegranates and similar plants, half-hard plants like the Verbena and Heliotropes are likely to mildew.

The pit should be in a sheltered location where the drainage will be good. Water in the pit is fatal. Four feet deep is sufficient depth and it can be reached from the outside when the ash is removed. It may be made six or eight feet deep, with several shelves along each side. If built on the side of a house it may have an opening into the cellar, and that is a decided convenience.

Dampness is the enemy of such a place and this may be avoided by building a double board or a hollow brick wall, an air chamber between the two walls. If boards are the material, use 2 by 4 studs, nailing the boards to the wall on each side. Two inches of space between the boards will be sufficient in moderate climates. In very cold locations the space may be filled with sawdust to make the insulation more complete.

The front of the pit should not rise more than 6 inches above the surface of the ground and the rear wall only enough higher than the ash sufficient slope to carry off the water. Black soil (about 12) to the top with ash. Hotbed ash is three feet wide and six feet long, so the frame should be at least nine or twelve feet long and six feet wide. Of course, the frame may be made larger and if desired covered with a stationary saw roof or a movable one.

In severe weather straw matting which dealers sell will be needed. These mats can be made without much trouble. Where the weather is not so severe, the straw matting is to be placed over the ash and the matting over the straw.

During the day, except in very cold weather, the covering is entirely removed and the plants are given full light, and when the temperature will admit, as it often will in the middle of the day, the ash should be removed or raised a little at one end, to allow the moisture to evaporate and thus prevent mildew which results from dampness and cold.

Water should be supplied only with the greatest care, keeping the plants as nearly as possible in a state of drought. If water is given for the ventilation, the moisture in the pit would be sufficient. Some pits will be more than sufficient.

Pits of this kind may be used for growing hardy plants, such as the geraniums, and rearing young plants in spring and summer.

A cold-frame is quite the same as a cold-pit, except that it is not so deep and will accommodate many or many such tall plants. Run the frame east and west, the low side toward the sun.

Spinach seed sown now and covered with a much of straw or manure, and kept in the earth, will produce a very early crop of spinach. Spinach seed sown in anything green will be relished.

Plant a few snowdrop bulbs. Set them so they can be seen from a window, long before the weather is sufficiently warm to enter the family into the garden. Put in a few crocus at the same time.

Plant all wintering hyacinths in the garden where they will show conspicuously.

Who ever saw a garden with too many positive narcissus for early spring cut flowers? The fragrant flowers keep well when cut.

Starting planting tulips, narcissus and other fall bulbs. A few late tulips will be in flower in the house, set them in the light.

Annual or perennial seeds sown late in the autumn to germinate in spring should be given a light covering of screened rotted manure or peat moss. This will retard down and to prevent the seeds being washed out by rain.

Dig tuberoses, gladioli, tirid, dahlias and canna's.

Cut parsley, sage and other herbs and hang them up to dry.

Mulch asparagus beds with manure.

Take in all tender plants from the garden that are to be saved for another season or for growing in the house or conservatory.

Water house plants carefully hereafter early in the day, then in active growth to keep them evenly supplied with food at rest.

Pumpkins and winter squashes require storing in a dry place. When first brought inside, they should be before very cold weather. They should be stored in a dry place, in a temperature of 70 to 75 degrees for a time, until they begin to harden. Squash will then keep for four or five months in a temperature of 40 to 50 degrees in dry atmosphere.

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Answers Bulb Notes

NOTICE—All inquiries must be full name and address so that they may be answered by mail if not of sufficient interest to answer here.

R. C. N. Gloucester: Dutch Iris prefer a light soil, but do well in good garden soil where the plants will stand the winter. The situation should be well drained. If the soil is not heavy, set the bulbs so the tops will be three inches under the surface. Give good drainage over winter. Cover with marsh hay, peat moss or straw or similar material.

Refrigerator: Refrigerators may be planted in pots in the house can be planted in the garden in the spring. In a year or two they will flower again quite perfectly and fairly well in the greenhouse.

Hyacinths likewise may be planted in the house and will produce good flowers for cutting for years.

Refrigerators: Refrigerators may be planted in pots in the house can be planted in the garden and will live and bloom for years.

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Automotive News

Contest on Used Cars

The annual Year's Greatest Used Car Sale, sponsored by the automobile dealers of Greater Boston and the Boston Sunday Advertiser, will begin on Monday, Oct. 22, at 10 o'clock. The contest will run for 15 days, dealers will offer exceptional values in used cars.

"It's cooperation that makes for success, and that is what will make this 15-day event the most successful in the history of used car selling in Greater Boston," stated Otto A. Lawton, president of the Boston Automobile Dealers' Association. "The automobile dealers have outdone all their previous efforts in providing really sensational values in used cars, and the people of Boston will be quick to profit by them."

In conjunction with the sale, the Boston Sunday Advertiser and the Boston Evening American are sponsoring a unique automobile race. Prizes ranging from a Kuppenheimer suit of clothes to tickets to the Harvard-Princeton football game will be given to the first 200 automobiles selling used cars that are advertised in the Automobile For-Sale columns of these newspapers during the sale.

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In 1862 Hunt returned to America, took a studio in Boston and became an artist. He had many devoted followers and it was he, with John La Farge, his pupil, and Jones who were responsible for the growth of the French influence here, an influence much fostered by American artists who had fallen under the spell of the German school of Düsseldorf which produced colored, tightly drawn figures.

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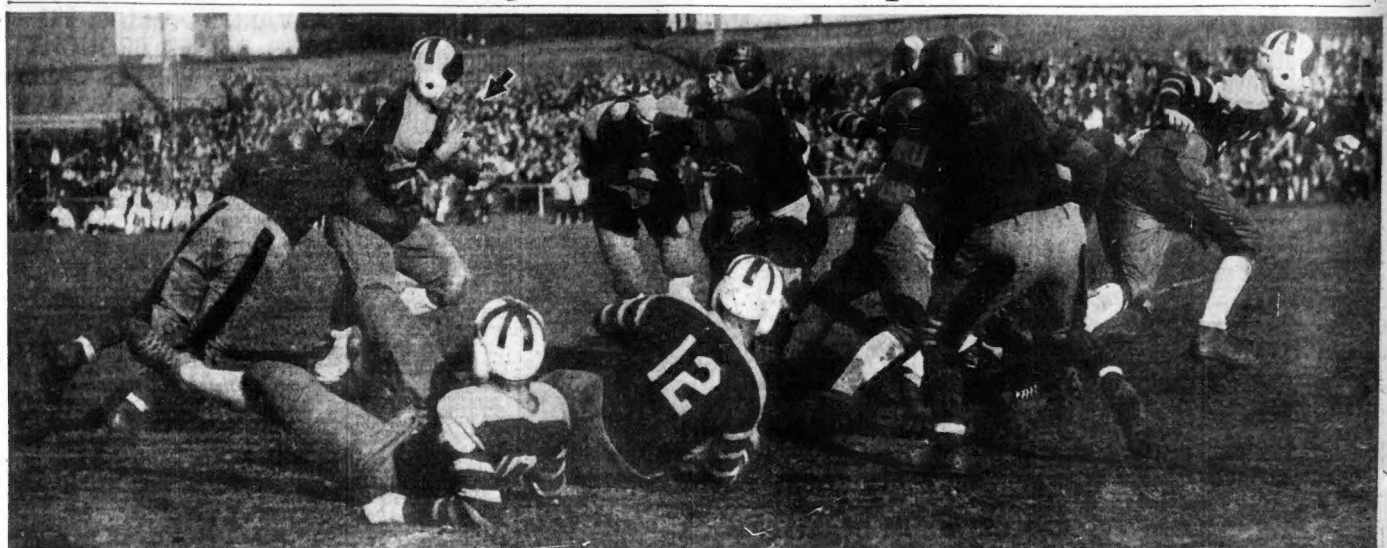
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Arlington Continues Victory March With 12-0 Upset Over Malden

TORNADO BOWS IN GRID GALE



MITCHELL, "MIKE" GUZELIAN of Arlington didn't get far on this play against Malden at the latter's stadium yesterday.

A Malden tackler was in fast and dropped the Arlington back Guzelian played a great game, though.

helping his team to keep its unbeaten slate and beat Malden, 12 to 0. Arlington was alleged to be crippled, before the

game. "The cripples" forgot their ailments as they romped through the Golden Tornado.

Golden Tornado Fails to Halt Victory Forwards

By JOE O'CONNELL

The long right arm of Quarterback Earl Madden of the Arlington Golden Tornado completely baffled the Malden High School "Golden Tornado" to the tune of 12-0 at the Pearl Street Stadium yesterday afternoon as the Arlington outfit continued on its victorious rampage.

Madden was very ably assisted by Mike Guzelian, who seemed to have a magnet up his sleeve for the ball-tackle passes of Malden. On the other hand, the Warren, Mass. coach seemed to have the Arlington players rolling up the yard with 15 passes to the Malden 30-yard line.

Arlington, with Madden at the helm, took control right away in the first period when Madden ran the kickoff back from the 50-yard line to his 30-yard line. Here the aerial work began to get warmed up.

PLACEMENT BLOCKED

A flip from Madden to Dorrington, the center, netted 10 yards. The next pass to Manoli brought the sphere to the 20-yard line. Full of tricks, the snake slipped Madden weaved through tackle for seven yards. Failing back to the Malden 30-yard line, he sent a heave to Guzelian who was standing uncovered on the 30-yard line. With the ball neatly tucked under his arm, Guzelian shot for the goal and the first touchdown of the game.

Frank Lyons gave the Malden High contingent their first chance to cheer as he stopped in the way of the placement try of Madden for the point after.

In the second chucker a kicking duel took place between Madden, Papale and Madden with Papale having the edge and Malden obtaining their first down of the game when McCleary broke loose from the Malden 40 for a 15-yard gain.

Boys' Heavy All-Wool

For all Fall and Winter Sports wear! Sturdy 32 oz. Melton, guaranteed shrunken. Two slash pockets, Talon style fasteners down the front. Adjustable Hosiery. Sizes 8 to 12. Men's Sizes. 36 to 48. \$3.78

4 Tipt! Watch Pairs this year! Pairs are going Big—and make! color! assortment! Be sure to see the greatest! Hosiery! Buy "Nacks" the only best for rugged beauty!

ST. MARY'S TIES ST. CHARLES

St. Mary's High of Brookline and St. Charles' High of Waltham played a 6-6 tie at Brookline yesterday. Wallace paved the way for St. Mary's scores by intercepting a pass at midfield and running to the 15-yard mark before being downed. A 15-yard gain by Rytroff and a pass, W. O'Connor to J. O'Connor, brought the tally. A continuous march in the fourth period by the visitors culminated in Calley going over for the tying score.

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Groton Holds Strong English High to Tie

Groton, Oct. 20—Showing a complete reversal of form from its opening battle of the season which played a 6-6 tie at Brookline yesterday, Wallace paved the way for St. Mary's scores by intercepting a pass at midfield and running to the 15-yard mark before being downed. A 15-yard gain by Rytroff and a pass, W. O'Connor to J. O'Connor, brought the tally. A continuous march in the fourth period by the visitors culminated in Calley going over for the tying score.

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SWAMPSCOTT ON SHORT END

Pooh Haley quarterbacked the Winslow High School football team in a 12-0 win over the Swampscott High eleven this afternoon. Haley made the third touchdown at his smasher center from the 6-yard line after a march from the Swampscott 35-yard marker. In the third stanza, Luke Smith grabbed a pass from Townsend at midfield and tore through the opposition for the neat tally.

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McMullen Scores Twice in Waltham Victory, 14-0

A Waltham eleven which failed to click during the first half of the game with the Brown and Gold eleven of Haverhill, unleashed a driving, flashing line attack in the second half of their game at Waltham yesterday to win an impressive 14-0 victory.

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MILTON DOWNS BELMONT HILL

Completely outwitted by their heavier opponents, the plucky fighting Belmont Hill school grid-ers gave the Milton eleven a battle of it in their game at the Academy grounds yesterday morning, only to lose out to the Milton 13 to 0.

Milton made its scores on a series of off-balanced plays that tied about consistent gains. The three touchdowns were made by Gordon, right halfback, and his two understudies, Squibb and Hamilton. In the last stanza, Belmont Hill swooped down to the Milton goal after long aerials and twice placed the pignola over the Milton goal.

Amherst Frosh Victor, 29 to 14

Lawrence Academy bowed to a heavier Amherst freshmen team yesterday in a 29-14 victory at Lawrence. Wanzo and Michaels were largely responsible for the freshmen victory, their brilliant running placing Amherst on the entire scene.

Methuen Tramples Milford High 20-0

Methuen, Oct. 20—Methuen high trampled over a plucky hand from Milford High of New Hampshire 20-0 at the Gill ave. playground here this afternoon.

Winchester 7-0 Victory

Winchester, Oct. 20—Winchester's undefeated grid outfit rang up its second Middlesex League victory as they topped the green and white eleven from Stoneham, 7-0 here today.

Lowell Holds Nashua to Tie

Lowell, Oct. 20—Lowell held the fairly strong Nashua High eleven to a 6-6 tie this afternoon at Alumni Field.

St. James Defeats St. John's, 31 to 7

Haverhill, Oct. 20—St. James high today battered a weak St. John's eleven of Concord, N. H., around the field to win easily, 31 to 7. The visitors' only score came in the last period against St. John's second team.

Malden Catholic, Saugus Scoreless

Catholic High of Malden and Saugus High football teams battled to a scoreless tie yesterday on Stockpile Field in a bitter contest.

Reading Opens Stadium With Win

Reading High dedicated its new stadium by defeating Concord High of Andover, 6-0 yesterday. The line touchdown was the only forward pass by White, right half back, to McCaffrey Reading quarterback, in the first period.

Detroit Ties Villanova, 0-0

Villanova, Pa., Oct. 20 (AP)—For two long years Villanova's football forces mounted under a defeat by the Michigan of the University of Detroit.

BRINE'S COSSACK JACKETS



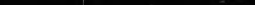
For all Fall and Winter Sports wear! Sturdy 32 oz. Melton, guaranteed shrunken. Two slash pockets, Talon style fasteners down the front. Adjustable Hosiery. Sizes 8 to 12. Men's Sizes. 36 to 48. \$3.78

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JAMES W. BRINE CO. 92 SUMMER ST.

**M'GABE DENIES
DISSENSION IN
HARVARD'S FAILURE TO
RUSH PASSER BROUGHT
DEFEAT, WRITES CASEY**



Crusaders Gallop On Toward Rose Bowl in 26-6 Win



ALERT CRUSADERS FAILED on this play as a back of the line pass from Chet Litsman to Bob Haley of Harvard sent the latter away to a touchdown. The Holy Cross toilers didn't

miss on many plays, though, winning 26 to 6 over the Crimson in the Stadium before close to 40,000 fans. Litsman and Haley provided many of the shining spots in the contest for Har-

vard, with their fine work. The Crusaders had just too much power, however. In this scene, note how Crimson blockers have helped clear the road for Haley. His teammate, running

at his left, took out one of the Crusader tacklers. Harvard showed courage and ability in the game, but the heavy weight edge of the Purple finally told.



SPEED OPENS THE ROAD—in this view, as Bob Haley of Harvard breaks into the open to make a long gain against Holy Cross. Haley did a splendid job piloting

the Crimson, though the power of the Purple finally gave it three touchdowns in the last period. (Pictures by Boston Sunday Advertiser Staff Photographer.)



JIM MORAN OF HOLY CROSS halted Jackson of Harvard with a great tackle on this play. Moran was one of the H. C. stars in the Stadium win. Jackson apparently was in the clear on this try, but Moran ended the threat, with his tackle, as he did many times during the game. Moran is a former B. C. H. boy, who played at the Boston school with Capt. Harvey of H. C.



A PERFECT CROSS is formed by the bandmen of Holy Cross as they start their march on the Stadium award at the half in-

termission of the H. C.-Harvard game. The band paraded up and down the turf, spelling out HARVARD and HOLY CROSS

in gigantic letters. The band showed championship form, and so did the H. C. eleven as it paraded to a 26-6 win. Holy Cross

is aiming for the invitation to play in the Rose Bowl classic on New Year's Day.

Ouelette Touchdown Gives Lawrence Eleven Victory Over Salem, 7-0

Lawrence Warriors Put Indian Sign on Witches' Magic to Take 19th Straight



PLUNGES YARD FOR SCORE TO TOP WITCHES

Broderick Team Falls From Unbeaten Ranks as Pass Attack in Final Period Fails

Lawrence, Oct. 20.—Henry Ouelette, well-kipped Lawrence high quarterback, was responsible for the downfall of Salem high, 7 to 0, when these great undefeated rivals clashed in a thrilling grid battle at Memorial Stadium this afternoon.

After Lawrence landed the oval on the two-yard line of the Witches in the second period after a series of air bombs, Ouelette pushed his way through the frontier of the Witch City eleven to tally. Rapa booted the point after from placement.

Time and again during the thrilling tussle the slippery and elusive Ouelette shook off tacklers and made long gains for the undefeated Lawrence high team.

B. C. B. U. to Be Sellout Soon—Hanley Terriers' Future Bright, He Tells Ann

By ANN MARSTERS

THE whole family was there—Pat Hanley, his wife, Bernice, and his small son, Johnny. The whole family is always there when Pat is putting the Boston University football squad through its various and strenuous act.

And on this particular afternoon, I was there, too, talking with Pat and his wife and his small son—but mostly with Pat and mostly about football.

You know, don't you, that Pat Hanley came all the way from Northwestern, where he was assistant coach, under his excellent and small son, Johnny. The whole family is always there when Pat is putting the Boston University football squad through its various and strenuous act.

And on this particular afternoon, I was there, too, talking with Pat and his wife and his small son—but mostly with Pat and mostly about football.

WENTWORTH IS BEATEN, 14-12

A last minute drive by Rook and D'Cluco gave the undefeated North-easterners a 14-12 victory over Wentworth Institute yesterday afternoon, at Huntington field, Brookline.

This was the first defeat handed to Wentworth since the introduction of football at the institution last year.

After a scoreless first period, Wentworth pined up a 12-0 lead in the second quarter with touchdowns by Rook and Forest. N. U. punts were penalized a total of 90 yards in the first half. The deadly passing of Varganidis placed the Eagles in position to score on both halves.

LAWRENCE MARCHES TO VICTORY over Salem's short gain. His team's win was its 19th straight. Rapa was one of the stars for Lawrence.

LUD WRAY PLANS REVENGE AS EAGLES BATTLE REDSKINS

Hanson, Philadelphia Ace, to Match Backfield With Battles, Gem of All Carriers

By SAM COHEN

An enraged, fighting band of Boston Redskins will meet the champions of Lud Wray and the Philadelphia Eagles this afternoon at Fenway Park in a National League encounter that should feature the fastest and hardest playing of the home campaign. Past performers with mean nothing to say, as the Red warriors outperform the Blue who mentor, and Wray, predict will roundly whip the Redskins, the eleven coached two years ago.

George Kennedy of the Redskins seeks to conquer the Eagles when he captains the Philadelphia Eagles in their National League game at Fenway Park this afternoon.

Kennedy is one of the veterans of pro football, and one of the ablest men in the game.

(Picture by Boston Sunday Advertiser Staff Photographer)



for their ability to come back, the tribe of Dietz is out to vanquish their rivals from the City of Brotherly Love and stay with passing distance of the Giants who are now at the head of the Eastern Division.

Kennedy is one of the veterans of pro football, and one of the ablest men in the game.

(Picture by Boston Sunday Advertiser Staff Photographer)

Pat for Bigger and Better Things at B. U.

"In the first place," said Pat, "no one has the smallest squad in the history of the school. And in the second place, we are attempting the most difficult schedule that the school has ever tried."

It sounded like a marvelous combination. No wonder Pat stroked his ears now.

"And in the third place," he went on, "we need some heavier men on the team. Eventually, when the school's football reputation is on a par with its academic rating, I know that we'll attract some of the great athletes of the country. But now, no matter how good he is, I must recall the old saying that a good big man is better than a good little man."

MANLEY SHORT END

Manchester, N. H., Oct. 20.—Stronger reinforcements gave St. Anthony's a 19 to 12 victory over Middletown at Alumni field today to stone another for last year's defeat at Vermont.

Kelley, Conner, Hahn, Meiel and Grogan were outstanding for the Benedictine while Boehm, Zwickel and Williams were Middletown's best.

MANLEY SHORT END

In the second half, the Eagles were in the position to score on both halves. The deadly passing of Varganidis placed the Eagles in position to score on both halves.

The picture by Boston Sunday Advertiser Staff Photographer

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Abington Defeats Canton H. S. 13-6

Abington came from behind in the last half of their annual game to score a 13 to 6 victory over the Canton High school eleven at the Canton playground.

Canton's first half performance was poor, but they came back in the second half to win the game.

Penn Gets Into Win Column, 27-19

Philadelphia, Oct. 20 (AP)—A quartet of sophomores ball carriers, getting the big chance on Pennsylvania's varsity because the veterans couldn't produce, took the Quakers out of the red for the first time this football season with a 27-19 conquest over Rutgers' plucky Grid team.

Florida Trounces N. Carolina 14-0

Tallahassee, Fla., Oct. 20 (US-INS)—Florida's victory over North Carolina today was a perfect offensive have today to put the North Carolina State Wolfpack, 14 to 0.

Early in the second quarter Wally Brown returned 80 yards with a punt to the Wolfpack's yard line. A pass, caught in the end zone, set the first touchdown, and Stark kicked the extra point.

Coach Lauds Pattison and McNamara, Halfbacks

But to come back to the present again, Pat said he would like to mention his two halfbacks, George Pattison and Warren McNamara.

"They're the smallest backs operating on any college team this season, but they are fine runners and better than average blockers."

"The squad in general, while small, is ambitious, and they are not conceding anything to anyone, despite the fact that they are pretty well out-manned by other teams. They believe in themselves and believe that they are going places. They believe in themselves and believe that they are going places."

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TODAY AT 3:30 P.M. RAIN OR SHINE AUTUMN LEAGUE FOOTBALL

BOSTON REDSKINS

THE THRILLING FOOTBALL GAME! RED SKINS NOW AT FENWAY PARK! 127-180 BOSTON 190 GRAND 15000 SEATS! 127-180 BOSTON 190

FENWAY PARK

127-180 BOSTON 190

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 21, 1943

"Signs of the Times"—A New Series of Paintings by Henry Clive



Copyright, 1943, by The American Weekly

Copies of This Colorful Picture on Heavy, Glossy Paper—Suitable for Framing—Are Available. See Details on Next Page

Curious Cemetery for Westerners Who Died With Boots On

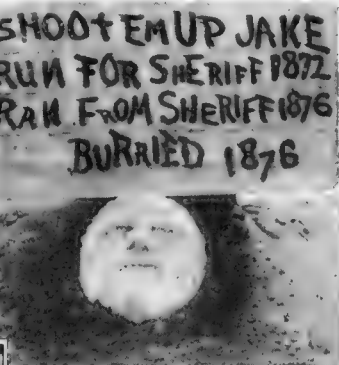


The "Memorial" to Dora Hand, One of Five Women Killed in the Riot. The Artist Has Made a Concrete Figure, and the Marble Tablet Tells Dora's Sad Story.

This "Monument" Tells a Story of Pioneer Justice in a Brief, Unembroidered Manner.



HORSE THIEF PETE HUNGON THISTLE 1873.



"Shoot 'Em Up Jake," One of the Bad Men of Dodge City. If One Is to Judge From His Epitaph, Seemed to Possess Jack-Hide Qualities.



The Masterpiece of the Sculptor Who Has Given Fame to the Cemetery Is This Monument, "The Cowboy."

THE citizens of Dodge City, Kan., are almost as proud of their cemetery as they are of their city. Simpson, who has been a film and pulling their teeth for many years, as they are proud of their city. Simpson, who has been a film and pulling their teeth for many years, as they are proud of their city.

That was back in 1927 and today, thanks to the dentist's energy and talents as an amateur sculptor, Boot Hill Cemetery is a sort of shrine that has attracted hundreds of visitors to Dodge City.

At the entrance of the cemetery is a pair of horns from a Texas Longhorn, held in an old-fashioned ox-yoke. An inscription beneath the horns reads: "My trails have become your high-

ways. Seven million head of Longhorns marketed from Dodge City in the '20's and '30's. Let Us Forget." Near this appropriate portal are memorials to the members of Wild Bill Hickock, Missouri Joe, Sourdough Pete, and Crazy Barron. Among the monuments to five women who breathed their last with their boots on is one to Dora Hand—Grand Opera Singer, Dance Hall Queen. Killed by Pistol Ball Intended for Lover.

Out of concrete the dentist fashioned a sort of death mask of the unfortunate Dora and a horse of hoisted feet, placed at the proper distance from her stony form. The same out of memorial serves to perpetuate the memory—and the fate of one "Shoot 'Em Up Jake," who, according to his epitaph, "Ran From Sheriff 1874, Ran From Sheriff 1876, Buried 1876."

puncher, done in concrete—stands guard over all the graves in the unusual burial ground. The inscription on this statue reads: "On the ashes of my campfire this city was built."

Torpedoes Can't Miss, Says Toy-Maker Who Invents Mobile Tubes

WILLIE, the naval experts of Japan, the experts of the United States, are perfecting the torpedo. It is a small, round, direct hit nine times out of ten, but who must be blown to bits when the missile explodes. Alexander Foster Humphrey, inventor of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was hard at work on what may turn out to be an even better idea.

Mr. Humphrey, who has a special faculty for devising toys to amuse the young, turned his talents to the grim purposes of war because he believed that the time may come when Uncle Sam will need to defend himself on the high seas and that, when that day comes, the torpedoes will play an important part in the unpleasant proceedings. The Pittsburgh inventor also believes that it is not necessary to sacrifice the lives of men in order to increase the efficiency of undersea warfare.

His idea—shown in the sketches at the right—is a fleet of little craft which he calls mobile torpedo tubes. These small boats would be little more than two torpedo tubes and a conning hull which would provide space for an engine and a crew of two men. It is the inventor's contention that such boats could get much nearer to enemy warships than the big submarines, with their batteries of torpedo tubes, and that they could be carried

mother vessel, or the shore, would have a range of about 100 miles, which would be added to the 8,000-yard range of the modern torpedo. When an enemy vessel was sighted, mechanism could be operated which would start the motors in the two torpedoes going, thus adding the speed of the torpedoes in the twin tubes to the speed of the host itself. When the host's crew had brought the craft close enough to assure a hit, one or both of the torpedoes could be released from the tubes and sent on their errand of destruction.

Mr. Humphrey seems to know a great deal about torpedoes and their possibilities. He knows that the fastest of modern torpedoes, which contain enough explosive in their so-called warheads, to send almost any ship to the bottom, or put it out of action, travel at a maximum speed of about 40 knots an hour—which is equivalent to 40 miles an hour. He knows that torpedoes are costly and that many of them are lost from submarines miss their mark because the big undersea boats do not dare approach too close to their victims.

The mobile tube boats, being only a fraction of the size of a submarine, could get much closer to their targets, the inventor is certain, without danger of being seen. And even if their presence was suspected, they would be much harder to hit because they would present such a small target for enemy guns.

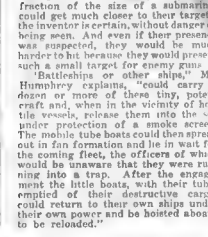
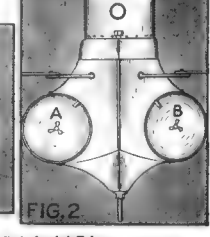
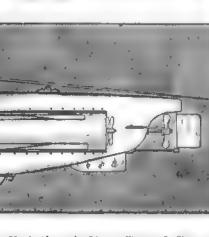
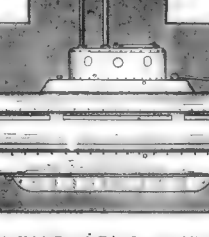
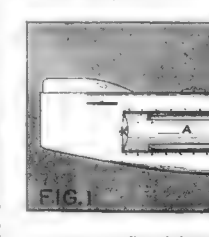
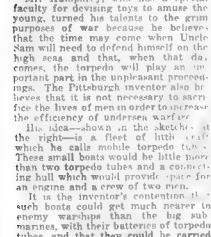


FIG. 1

FIG. 2

Figure 1 Shows the Mobile Torpedo Tube, Constructed Very Much Along the Lines of a Miniature Submarine. The Section (A) Running Nearly the Full Length of the Craft Is One of the Tubes, Loaded With a Deadly Missile. Figure 2 Shows Both Loaded Tubes (A and B), Which Can Be Fired Singly or Simultaneously.

Trained Fish Eats Hot Dogs and Bananas

WILLIAM A. COTTRELL is superintendent of Honolulu's Civic Natatorium and his vocation is training human beings to swim, but he is just as celebrated in the Hawaiian Islands as the owner and trainer of two curious looking fish known to him, and to hundreds of other people, as Zimnie and Joe.

These pets are balloon porpoise fish—evil looking fellows that swell up three times their normal size when they are angry.

When he was wondering what it was best to feed Zimnie and Joe, a bystander absent-mindedly dropped a piece of ripe Hawaiian banana in the pool. Quick as a flash, Zimnie snapped up the morsel and gobbled it whole. A careful watch failed to reveal that the fish subsequently suffered an attack of indigestion. Later that day someone tossed part of a hot dog and a roll into the water and Zimnie grabbed that, too.

And Joe, not to be outdone, managed to get part of the "dog" that his partner failed to take in his greedy maw.

The attractive painting reproduced on the cover of this issue of The American Weekly is the last of a new series of fascinating works of art by Henry Clive, the distinguished American artist.

The series is known as "Signs of the Times." Each of the Clive paintings in the series depicts a subtle and amusing incident in the life of a typical American beauty of our generation. Each is actually an editorial without words by a master of the brush and palette.

The American Weekly anticipates requests for copies of these paintings.

It was quite by accident that Cottrell discovered that his pet fish would eat food so strange to them. One day,

THE ATTRACTIVE PAINTING REPRODUCED ON THE COVER OF THIS ISSUE OF THE AMERICAN WEEKLY IS THE LAST OF A NEW SERIES OF FASCINATING WORKS OF ART BY HENRY CLIVE, THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN ARTIST.

THE SERIES IS KNOWN AS "SIGNS OF THE TIMES." EACH OF THE CLIVE PAINTINGS IN THE SERIES DEPICTS A SUBTLE AND AMUSING INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A TYPICAL AMERICAN BEAUTY OF OUR GENERATION. EACH IS ACTUALLY AN EDITORIAL WITHOUT WORDS BY A MASTER OF THE BRUSH AND PALETTE.

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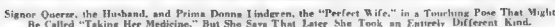
A Hawaiian Beauty Feeding Zimnie, the Trained Fish, a Lucania Alligator Fish.



A Young Nudist. This Carefree Little Maid Didn't Even Know She Was Being Photographed by a Wandering Cameraman at Brighton, England.

Grand Opera Star Lydia Lindgren Complains That Although a Perfect Wife, (Giving Up Her Career for His, Spending \$250,000, Urging Him "Night and Day" to Overcome His "Backward Nature.")

Her Only Reward Was Debts and Divorce



Justice Timothy A. Leary of the New York Supreme Court, who does not think much of imported, mail-order divorces, granted Lydia's application for alimony, the amount to be determined later. And now the situation is not so secure for Raoul's bride, who does not know whether she should sign herself "ex-Mrs. Quence" or resume her

Justice Timothy A. Leary of the New York Supreme Court, who does not think much of imported, mail-order divorces, granted Lydia's application for alimony, the amount to be determined later. And now the situation is not so secure for Raoul's bride, who does not know whether she should sign herself "ex-Mrs. Quence" or resume her

Later when Mr. Kahn denied she was his protegee, that was another matter. Since the banker was a moral authority, it reflected on his singer's professional standing. Soothe her wounded feelings and recover damages for what she called Kahn's breach of agreement.

Later when Mr. Kahn denied that he was his protegee, that was another matter. Since the banker was a musical authority, it reflected on the singer's professional standing. To soothe her wounded feelings and to recover damages for what she called Kahn's breach of agreement, she

New York Supreme Court, who does not think much of imported, mail-order divorces, granted Lydia's application for alimony, the amount to be determined later. And now the situation is not so secure for Raul's bride, who does not know what she would sign herself "ex-Mrs. Quercia" or assume her

Remarkable New Photographs of Mirages



Photograph of a Recent Mirage on the Hungarian Puszta. Herds of Cattle at Some Distant Draw-Well Lifted Into the Sky. Although the Real Herd of Cattle Cannot Be Seen.



This Curious Vision in the Clouds Can Be Seen Almost Any Day in the Summertime by the People of Nagy-Hortobagy. The Trees and Roofs of a Village Many Miles Beyond the Horizon Are Clearly Visible in the Sky.

Weird Tricks of Nature Which Startle the Ignorant and Sometimes Torture the Thirsty Traveler in the Desert—But Are Understood by Science



A Hungarian Swineherd Tending His Pigs Oversees a Landscape in the Sky Which Is a Reflection of a Place at Least a Day's Journey Away.

THESE remarkable photographs of "Puszta" mirages on the plains of Hungary show objects that were not only hidden by the curvature of the earth but were so far away that neither the eye nor the camera could ordinarily have seen them had they really been above the horizon.

Yet the peculiar atmospheric conditions had caught the images of these objects—men, animals, buildings, trees and as the rays of light which form the mirages rose into the sky, bent their course so that they were parallel to the surface of the earth and then gave them another downward bend into the lens of the camera. In addition to all that, Nature had so magnified the images that they seemed to be only a short distance away.

The pictures were not taken by scientists, though many have tried, but by swine herders. The herdersmen watched with due respect as from time to time learned men from Budapest set up their expensive apparatus but, after a few days, had to go back without a glimpse, much less a photograph, of the famous "visions" that used to throw their ancestors into religious ecstasies and terrors.

So a couple of the herdersmen bought themselves small, cheap cameras, went into competition and won because they had the advantage of being always there. The great, fat, almost tree-plains, called "Puszta" are a dreary prospect to these people who have been frequent but unpredictable appearance of free "moving pictures" in the sky. They have become expert at recognizing these apparitions of things that are more than a day's journey away.

"Here it comes," someone shouts, a mist looks like a haze, then line of what appears in the sky. This means that Nature is getting her seen. If plains and lenses set up, but they are not yet in focus. This type of mirage works on the same principle as the glass lens or prism, or the trick of making an eye that is stuck into it appear bent. When light passes from a light, transparent substance to a denser one, at an angle, the ray bends in the direction of the denser medium. There are some exceptions to the rule, certain substances, though lighter in weight, are "denser optically." Cold air, being denser than warm, acts to a degree as glass does, causing

astonishing things to sometimes happen. Often the mist never develops into anything else because it is only an accident when the air layers happen to be just right when they do, perhaps the first to appear is a dark, blurred object, like a wheel, or a poorly focused landscape.

"That's Dr. Weidmann's car," a herderman shouts. "The dark blue, a car carrying a baby this way." But the vision becomes clearer, revealing the chimneying outlines of a carriage and two horses, with waving legs.

"No, it's the Steinmetz widow, driving to town," they agree and for the thousandth time wonder why, with all her money, she doesn't buy an automobile. Or it may be a soundless train of cars, traveling through the heavens, perhaps right side up, perhaps bottom side up and smoke puffing downward from the back. They know they would like to travel all day to get within sight or sound of that phantom train. Nature then reassures her a picture and throws on the screen of the sky the scene of a man, a herd of cows approaching a tall post. The scientist's record is something only 20 miles distant.

"There goes Fritz to the draw well," they say and wave their arms. But Fritz ignores their signal which means that, as usual, the mirage works only one way. The Puszta is rich in stories of husbands and wives, wandering in the breeze by their own, 40 to 60 miles away, and even sometimes witnessed in the sky.

These mirages are common only in certain parts of the world, but they

can and doubtless occasionally do happen almost anywhere. The apparitions today of a human figure walking in the air, where mirages are so rare as to be unknown, would probably concern an ignorant person that he had seen an angel, devil or at least a ghost. It is noted that many monks and specially-favored persons of antiquity were granted miraculous glimpses of the towers and battlements of heaven itself. They are still to be seen by lucky, though not necessarily pious observers, across the Straits of Messina between Sicily and the Italian mainland. The spectacle is called "Fata Morgana," apparently in honor of King Arthur's not-very-respectable sister, Morgana or Morgan la Fay, who went in for magic, and learned as a pupil of the wizard Merlin.

Scientists explain that the Fata Morgana occurs when the sun, rising behind the mountains of Calabria, strikes the Mediterranean at just the proper angle. The magnificent spectacle then produced unfortunately lasts only a few minutes. But during

these few minutes objects, objects on the Sicilian coast in the area of shadows cast by the heights of Messina appear enormously amplified. Upon the sufficient background of the sea, of animals and men, some of which are seen and sometimes heard in the distant coloring.

There are other types of mirages, the most famous being the phantom lake of water in the midst of the desert. This is a real lake, but of water, or not water. From its surface, light at the reflection is reflected as if water, giving the effect of a lake when the desert is hot and the air is shimmering with heat. This water mirage can be seen on a small scale by observing mountains on sunlit days when the air is still and wherever there are paved roads. If one watches a few hundred feet to a quarter mile ahead, the street appears sometimes, to be full of ripples as if left by a watering cart or, however, these vanish before the car reaches them.



Remarkable Photograph of an Alaskan Mirage, Taken by Mr. Lyman R. French. Above the Barren Glacier Appeared Clear and Distinct a Spectral City With Well-Defined Streets, Trees, Buildings, and What Appeared to Be Ancient Mosques or Cathedrals.

the mirage. No wonder people of old thought they saw the "Parly Gates," that the Norsemen, viewing human forms floating up in the clouds supposed they were spirits in Valhalla to await the hero's and amusement and to find in believed he occasionally got glimpses of hunters in the "Happy Hunting Ground," where he hoped to go after death.

It has been established that the cult of the water-p which centers in the Holy Mysteries of Gormann was introduced by the famous "specter" of the "Blue Sea." There are appearances on a lonely mountain top in which the shadow of the observers' own figure appears, magnified to terrific proportions, waiting for them from the clouds. Aerostats, in his hours surrounded by clouds have been started by a sudden in the apparition of another balloon, but of gigantic proportions.

Mirages of sea sometimes take the same form, it is these of the planes and ocean, when the ships in the sky, that are really many miles beyond the horizon and more than one rate has

been grateful for this revelation that His Majesty's ships were looking for him. The form, so common that most everyone who has been near the sea has seen it, is called "looming." In this phenomenon, the land, lighthouse or anything that would be ordinarily invisible, appears, not floating in the sky, but stretching up from beyond the horizon to preposterous heights.

This looming, with its solid appearance, has been useful in locating land, but it also has fooled explorers. In 1906, Peary, discoverer of the North Pole and an extra careful observer, placed "Creeker Land" on the maps of the Arctic, and recently an expedition traveled over the spot and found nothing. What he had seen was a mirage.

Captain Scroby of the British Navy, and early Polar explorer, in the course of a Polar expedition in 1822, was enabled to see the sea of his father, Admiral Scroby, upside down in the air. With a telescope he recognized the sails and all the peculiarities of the paternal vessel as it was 50 miles away, below the horizon, and many miles beyond the spot where it could have been seen by direct vision. It is a mirage of considerable value in assuring the success of the expedition.

Major Frederick I. Martin, the American world flight commander in 1924, lost his plane and very nearly lost his life on account of the Alaskan mirages. The first mirage caused him to see islands and apparently to see a small island to be, a few miles distant across the Behring Sea. But then, as he was about to land, he saw a large, dark, jagged mountain peak. Nature was playing a practical joke on him. He had been told for one with the idea of making a landing only to see the land rise into thin air, did he not the illusion.

At once, Major Martin knew he had been deceived, and, in order to correct it, he turned to the South. In so doing he ran into a fog in which a small and very high mountain peak appeared in his way too late to avoid a crash.

Aviators flying in clouds, during the World War, occasionally reported dangerous experiences with false appearances. These usually appeared as a plane of their own type, in their path, and coming straight at them, and some fliers nearly wrecked their planes dodging their own shadows!

The Beginning, Development and Changing Form of a Mirage of the Famous Fata Morgana—Sketched by Professor Boerava.



The Same Mirage a Few Moments Later.



The Fairy Palaces at Last Fully Revealed.

Streak of White Mist That Usually Users in the Mirage.

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**The Once Mighty Autocrat of Dress, Whose
Life Was as Extrava-
gant as That of an
Arabian Nights Prince,
Now Eating in a Public
Charity Canteen
or Cooking His
Own Meager
Meals**



Interesting
Photograph of
Poiret at One of His
Auchan Nights' Fetes
in the presence of a
Chinese Prince, while a Slave
Sits at His Feet in Adoration

At the Montmartre Cercle, which occupies the ancient garage of the city's street-cleaning autos, and is presided over by the Marquise de Ganay, Poiret often has for a table-companion the ex-princess Robert de Broglie, born Alexander, who, fallen on evil times, lives in exile for a living.

arked beef, bread and cheese. A tiny bottle of red wine, diluted with water, is allotted each patron. Customers are admonished not to eat more than their share of bread, yet this does not prevent some hungry Bohemians stuffing their pockets with all the rolls they can lay hands on. Sardines are some-

Wealth and renown have left Poirot. Of late, he had attracted no attention save for a little party he gave in his garret last year 'on Bastille Day to destitute daubers like himself, and his appearance this Summer at the unspeakable Bal Ubu orgy held in the Couple Cafe at Montparnasse when, dressed like a Doge, he took up a collection for indigent painters.

found it impossible to pay the low rent on his lofty lodging, which is cluttered up with sagging divans, dust-covered "objets d'art" (to wit, art objects), tapestries, pictures festooned with spider-webs, a profusion of faded cushions, and piles of old engravings nibbled by mice—all that remains from the wreck of his fortune.

Apparently, life is no longer sweet as sugared pineapple to Poirot. Since his fall from the Olympus of opulence, his good humor has changed to bitter

However, M. Poiret may not be so long, for he is said an English concern has made him a flattering offer, so he may abandon Paris and find renewed prosperity in England.

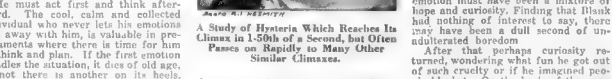
Curious Experiments That Appear to Show You Can Be Really "Furious" With Another for Only 1-200th of a Second, Ecstatically Happy 1-25th and, Though Being Bored Seems Interminable, It Lasts a Little Over One Second



(Photos by Len Aaron, New York)

Photo by Leo Aaron, New York

Fright and Horror—Two Stages of an Experiment in Which the Subject Thought She Was Seeing a Man Fall From a High Building. The Climax of the First Emotion, When She Glimpsed Him Dangling on the Window Ledge, Passed in 1.200th of a Second, According to the Photographic Studies, While the Climax of the Emotion of Horror, After She Had Seen the Supposed Body Drop, Lasted 1.25th of a Second, or Eight Times Longer.



A Study of Hysteria Which Reaches Its Climax in 1-50th of a Second, but Often Passes on Rapidly to Many Other Similar Climaxes.

there are, at least *some* curious facts, which throw light on the topic.

At the same time, the history of the pharynx, having exposed two heads, a quarter of an hour after breathing, suddenly, the tongue, which protruded from the mouth, was drawn back into the mouth, and the countenance expressed certain signs of suffocation.

The patient, named Tillier, being submitted to examination, the pharynx was examined, and, at the same time, the eyes turned in every direction from whence he was called by his name.

He then, in the same manner, picked it up. On the heels of this man have come pity and no doubt boredom or indifference.

Several times, if he could only remember, he had been asked to perform the same trick acted as if drawing to a close, only to start all over again. After this, he had been asked to perform the same trick have felt a mixture of many emotions, among them disgust, melancholy, and despair.

Hysteria may be said, on the long, to have been given to him by the pharynx. But Aarons says that pharynx cannot be a source of hysteria, and that hysteria is a disease of the mind. He finds

"Fontenelle declares that he has frequently seen the heads of guillotined persons move the lips, as if they were muttering remonstrances against cruel treatment. If this be so, there is nothing incredible in the long persistent report that when the executioner gave

There is also a legend that after an executioner had decapitated the Holy Dionysius—a depiction of the accompanying reproduction of a remarkable painting by the French artist, Leon Bonnat—the martyr picked up his head and walked away with it depositing it

Not all psychologists will agree that emotions can be fixed quite so accurately as Mr. Aron's questionnaire.

when confronted by an emotion-producing object or fact. Thus a young baby, seeing a bright light, feels wonder, or hearing a loud noise experiences fear, or being stuck with a safety pin, does not like it a bit, and indicates as much with a loud wail. As for anger, anyone who has ever seen

experienced after decollation, in both the head and the body and that death by guillotine, so far from being easier than hanging, is one of the most unpleasant known. Whatever may really be the sensations attendant upon the separation of the head from the body

"Fontenelle declares that he has frequently seen the heads of guillotined persons move the lips, as if they were uttering remonstrances against their treatment. If this be so, there is nothing incredible in the long persistent report that when the executioner gave

that women's emotions explode sooner and disappear sooner than men's. Also, women fake emotions well, men fake them badly. Neurotics, though, calculate to family and friends, he thinks, get most fun out of life because they feel the most.

reasoning states of mind should get permanent control of anyone, the victim would soon have to be confined in some sort of institution. There is a reason why the words angry and mad mean much the same

thing to most people. A melancholic patient, as anyone can see in a chronic victim of the emotion despair. Yet the dominating emotion even of an insane person, according to Mr. Aarons, is constantly interrupted, though as

Certain psychologists have classified all emotions as being either developments of six primary ones or mixtures of the six, which are pain, pleasure, anger, fear, disgust and wonder.

From the viewpoint of psychologists, each primary emotion is the reflex effect which an individual experiences when confronted by an emotion-producing object or fact. Thus a young baby, seeing a bright light, feels

baby, seeing a bright light, feels wonder, or hearing a loud noise experiences fear, or being stuck with a safety pin, does not like it a bit, and indicates as much with a loud wail. As for anger anyone who has ever seen

He must act first and think afterward. The cool, calm and collected individual who never lets his emotions run away with him, is valuable in predicaments where there is time for him to think and plan. If the first emotion handles the situation, it dies of old age, if not there is another on its heels.

before it is too late to save the day. The falling workman clutches a girder and grins in the joy of escape. The angry man knocks his insulter down, anger shifts to pity and he wishes he hadn't hit him so hard. But if the

Edouard Cordette, a modern French observer, has been much interested in whether or not a head is capable of sensations after a decapitation, and

after considerable research, he expressed himself as follows:

"There is a formidable array of facts to show that intense agony is experienced after decollation, in both the head and the body and that death

by guillotine, so far from being easier than hanging, is one of the most unpleasant known. Whatever may really be the sensations attendant upon the separation of the head from the body

A Study of Hysteria Which Reaches Its Climax in 1-50th of a Second, but Often Passes on Rapidly to Many Other Similar Climaxes.

"It is related that a professor of physiology, having exposed two heads a quarter of an hour after beholding to a strong light, the eyelids closed

suddenly. The tongue, which protruded from the lips, being pricked with a needle, was drawn back into the mouth and the countenance expressed certain pain. The head of a great criminal named Tillier, being submitted to ex-

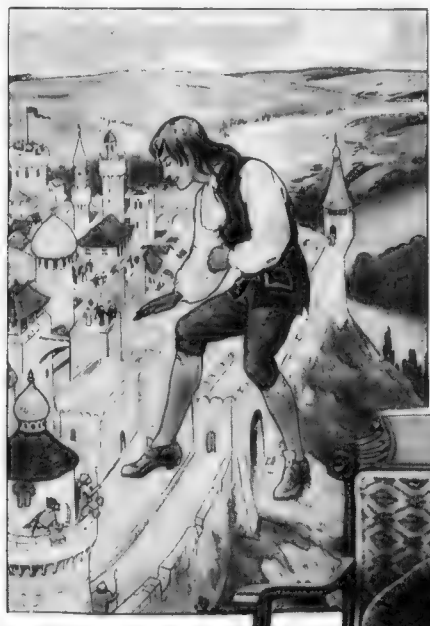
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persons move the lips, as if they were muttering remonstrances against cruel treatment. If this be so, there is nothing incredible in the long persistent report that when the executioner gave

ALL THE WORLD IS A Stage, Especially For Little People

International Convention of Dwarfs to Demand Small Houses With Low Ceilings and Staircases, Toy-Size Bathroom Fixtures, Doll Dishes and Silverware, Half Prices for Half Portions and Ready-Made Clothing in Midget Sizes



When Gulliver, in His Travels, Came to Lilliput, He Found a Highly Organized Community of Little People With Everything Adjusted to Their Dwarfish Size. The Modern Dwarfs Think the Time Has Come for Making to Build Them Little Houses and Other Adjustments for Their Convenience.

DUBUPEL, Oct. 10. WALES. It is the world's largest gathering of dwarfs to be held in the city during the summer of 1935.

The plan is to assemble no more than 100 of the little people and the big people will listen to their grievances, for example, and give them justice. But who is it that is looking on as a man to these "human pocket pieces"?

"Everybody," answers Mrs. Papp, who stands two feet seven inches high and is head of the new International Midgets' League. The whole world combines to make us pay full price for half portions of everything, from food to cars, and that is not fair. At most of the time we can't get half portion for love or money. I am forced to slacker and waiters with full-sized things that are all wrong.

"Of a minority make governments give them all sorts of favors. We are a minority in size as well as number but look at the new deal we have. Most of us are no bigger than the six-year-old child who rides free on the railways while we have to pay full fare. The child of six takes up as much room as the dwarf but, worse than that, they are usually noisy and screaming all over the car, such nuisances that they ought to pay double fare. Midgets, on the other hand, being mature, behave themselves and can sit two in a seat. In our small stature makes him an easy customer, the dwarf is always on his dignity and good behavior. Who says we are a drunken midget?"

We do not ask to travel free but we should be granted half fare, like a twelve-year-old child. Most of us are in the show business which means much traveling and constant change of residence.

"On shoes, shiners, manicures, haircuts, permanent waves, laundry, medical and dental services and wherever we go and are not of prime importance, we are willing to pay full price, but the way we are treated on nothing is a shame. Ordinary men and women take advantage of advertised bargain sales where suits, coats and dresses may be had at alluring savings. But not for us. You will never see a midget at a bargain sale. They cannot be fitted even by paying the highest ready-made prices. The salesperson tells them their size is carried only in the children's department."

Midgets are diminutive adults, he points out, not children and they do not want to dress as children any more. They would grandpas like to wear "dresses" just because some think he is approaching second childhood. It is not enough that the midgets' size justifies them in charging full rates for these smaller jobs. "They assure us that this cannot be helped," he continued. "Every body in the clothing business is very democratic and all men and women of a



Beside a Chair, Which Shows How Utterly Unfit for a Dwarf Is the Prevailing Furniture of the World.

the faucets and the soap, though he must remember to get the towel first because to reach the rack from the top of the bowl will be something like a trapeze jump. Midgets learn to be acrobats early, otherwise they must have someone tag after them through life, like a nurse after a child. Rulers are carefully on the slippery and narrow platform of the bowl, we open the medicine cabinet, take out what we need and shove ourselves in it.

The tub, the shower, bath controls, the toilet seat, the electric light switches and everything are placed at inconvenient and dangerous heights for us. The tub, the shower, bath controls, the toilet seat, the electric light switches and everything are placed at inconvenient and dangerous heights for us.

"For instance, some persons won't travel in the upper berths they have in America because they consider it a hardship to climb up and down. All beds are upper berths to us and when we sit ourselves down from one in the morning it is the beginning of an acrobatic feat which we have to fit our selves to a giant-sized world as did Gulliver in Brobdingnag Land."

"There is the chimney, with a mirror on top, far above our heads. We are doing every one of those (to us) gigantic chairs? We do not. We pull the lowest drawer out half way, then a little less and so on to the top. Using these drawers as a step-ladder, we step into the mirror and brush our hair or put on our make-up. Opening hotel windows and transoms are things only to be done with skill and risk. It is the bathroom, however, that breaks our hearts. Insurance companies say that more people get killed and injured in the bathroom than in all the rest of the house put together. If that is so think of our hazards. The washbowl designed to accommodate the average person is just about the height of our eyes. Unless he drags one of those giant chairs in, the best a midget can do is to climb up on top of that bowl where at least he can get at

the faucets and the soap, though he must remember to get the towel first because to reach the rack from the top of the bowl will be something like a trapeze jump. Midgets learn to be acrobats early, otherwise they must have someone tag after them through life, like a nurse after a child. Rulers are carefully on the slippery and narrow platform of the bowl, we open the medicine cabinet, take out what we need and shove ourselves in it. The tub, the shower, bath controls, the toilet seat, the electric light switches and everything are placed at inconvenient and dangerous heights for us. The tub, the shower, bath controls, the toilet seat, the electric light switches and everything are placed at inconvenient and dangerous heights for us.



Houses Can Be Built to Any Dimensions, and the Outstanding Example of This Is the Famous Doll's House of the Queen of England, Which Stands Five Feet High, Eight Feet Long and Five Feet in Depth. It Has Three Floors and an Attic and Is Completely Furnished, Even in the Bathroom. Plumbago, for People Even Much Smaller Than the Dwarfs.

average person has to crawl in and out, doubled-up like a jackknife. But the little men and women can sleep in and out with heads up and full of dignity without even knocking off their hats. But if a dwarf wants to own a car he must employ a chauffeur. The midget hands cannot manage the shift lever, nor the emergency brake, the feet do not come within a mile of the accelerator, clutch or foot brake and they cannot see anything through the wind shield but the sky.

"Many moving picture houses admit children up to ten years of age for half price," Mr. Papp remarks. We not only must pay full fare but the modern ill-bred brain point us out and say in a loud voice.

"Ma! Look at the funny dwarf!" "Ma looks giggles and down't remember her little darling, even when he comes over and fingers us."

"You want to know what we would have done about all this. We little people do not ask much. We are willing to go on paying full-sized income taxes, to pay for schools with chairs and desks too big for our children, and for those expensive public buildings with steps so high that it is like Alpine climbing for us to ascend them. But we think some merchant in every large town should carry ready-made clothes for midgets. Since there are not enough of us in any one country to warrant quantity production, some one factory would have to turn them all out. Then we would ask the government of other countries to ease up on the terrific burden of tariff and taxes, so that these clothes would not cost more than those of ordinary people."

"We ask the same thing for tableware, furniture and especially for bathroom fixtures. It has been suggested that we might get these things at the toy stores. I never saw any toy bathroom fixtures but toy furniture is like most toys, neither practical nor durable."

"When proper fixtures and furnishings are available we Hungarian midgets are ready to show the world some thing. We are prepared to finance and build the world's first Lilliputian apartment house right here in Budapest and at last we will get economic justice."

"There is no reason why a midget, less than half the height of the average adult, should live in rooms with ceilings nine feet high. For them four and a half feet would be ample and much cosier. With chairs, tables, beds and all other furnishings proportionate-

ly smaller the horizontal dimension would be cut in half also. 'Tisn't would only pay half as much rent because lighting and heating charges also would be cut down."

Herr Papp is not drawing on his imagination much because the Lilliput Theatre of which he is the leading man is that dwarf community idea partly developed. The theatre is organized, managed and financed by a corporation of dwarfs, by the performers themselves, on a cooperative basis, the only full-size persons employed at the theatre are related to each other. Perhaps it is due to this circumstance—or shall we say, strangely enough, in spite of this circumstance—quarrel and dissension are infrequent in the administration of the Lilliput Theatre. The members of the company live a life of rigid discipline. Their home is in the building adjoining the theatre, and is furnished according to their needs. Small furniture, fitted to their sizes, plates and dishes which can fit "dolls' cups," but which fit their requirements, strings of pearls that they can easily reach and handle them; a tiny universe arranged to supply the demands of these small folk, enables them to save on food and every other kind of material required for their necessities. The Lilliput Theatre Company gives the outsider the impression of a self-governing family of happy children.

When Mr. Papp and another dwarf, Jules Gont, said that the theatre must keep its blood pure, unmixed with that of the big people, many thought they were making fun of Hitler's commands to his Nordic Germans, but they were dead serious. When Papp and Gont refer to midgets and dwarfs, they do not mean the stunted child of normal parents who, because of some glandular defect, never grows up. They are thinking of a prohibitive race of white pygmies who lived in Europe through the bronze age and possibly into historic times. Their subterranean life mixed with others and passages too small for any but a race of midgets. They were found in several parts of Austria, Hungary and even Germany. Here was a whole midget world, where pretty little women left the tradition of fairies who popped out of the ground. The men, however, in their stunted forms, from undegraded stock were not so beautiful, except the tradition of the funny little gnomes.

The big people finally exterminated the white pygmies but before this happened there seems to have been some mingling of the blood so that the strains of it still exist in the conquering race today, especially in Hungary, where the pygmies were most numerous and thirty-five of them are descended from one midget grandmother. Papp believes that if the midgets still breed among themselves, that extinct fossil race will reappear and that it will always be preserved because who knows that some time in the future humanity may not need some Lilliputians.

Mrs. Papp, of Berlin, Germany, Who Is Six Feet Tall, and Her Husband, Herman, Who Is a Trifle Less Than Half the Height of His Wife. Obviously No House or Furnishings Which Would Fit the One Would Fit the Other.

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Mysterious Hollow Mountain May Hide The "Holy Grail"

Searching the Grottos of Ancient Montsegur in France For a Clue to Its Legendary Underground Cathedral and Its Long Lost Treasure

THE HOLY GRAIL, the most famous of legends, has been the subject of many theories. Some say it is a stone, some a cup, some a sword. But all agree it is a treasure of great power. The legend of the Grail is one of the most beautiful and mysterious of all. It is a story of a quest for a treasure that is said to be hidden in a hollow mountain in France. The mountain is called Montsegur, and it is said that the Grail is hidden in a grotto beneath it. The legend is so old that it is hard to know exactly what it means. But it is a story that has fascinated people for centuries.

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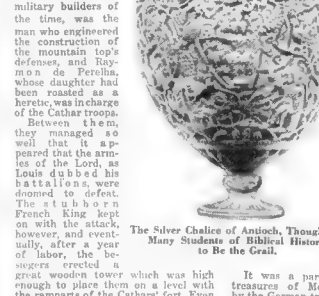
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"The Last Supper," by J. L. Gerome, Famous French Artist, Depicting the Saviour Holding the Sacred Cup.



The Silver Chalice of Antioch, Thought by Many Students of Biblical History to Be the Grail.



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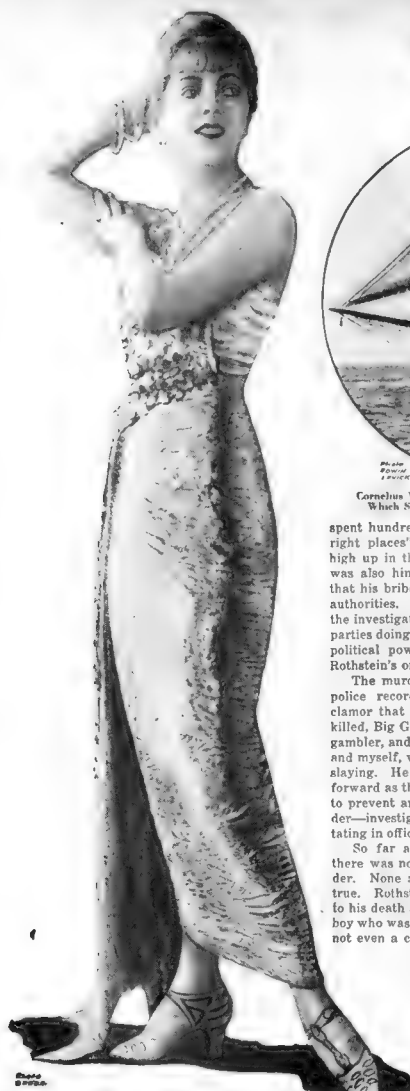
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Secrets of the Great J

Mrs.
Sitamore
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Irene Bordoni, Whose Jewels Were Saved From the
Eager, Clutching Fingers of Harry Sitamore by
the Faithful Vigilance of Her Maid.

By Mrs. Harry Sitamore
CHAPTER IV.
(Continued from Last Sunday)

THAT hard-boiled gunman, Bonnie Parker, who was thoroughly shot to pieces with Clyde Barrow a few months ago, wrote a poem in which she truly said "the law always wins." It does; but now and then Fate beats the rather slow moving wheels of Justice.

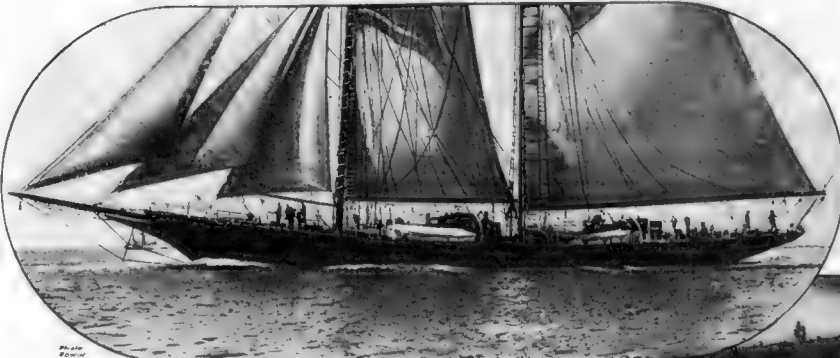
It was Fate that blotted out Arnold Rothstein's life by a bullet in a poker game in 1928. It was one of those poker games, played for fabulous stakes, that helped to build his reputation as the greatest gambler along Broadway. His name still is a symbol of power in New York's underworld, power that never before or since has been held by one man. Rothstein owned not only police but judges, and that is why the law never caught up with him.

Of course Arnold Rothstein was a gambler. But that was only a sideline to cover up his real activities. Arnold Rothstein was the king-pin of the New York racketeers. He was the head of the greatest drug ring this country ever knew. And he was the greatest jewel fence of all time.

Few people were in better position to know Arnold Rothstein than I was. My husband, Harry Sitamore, known to police of this country and Europe as the world's cleverest jewel thief, sold more than \$10,000,000 worth of stolen gems to Rothstein between 1921 and 1928. It was those stolen jewels and dope peddling and the rackets that gave Rothstein his millions, not his highly publicized love for gambling. Arnold Rothstein did make millions of dollars out of crime, without ever being molested by the law.

Rothstein paid for his millions and for his crimes with his life. But it was not a police bullet or the electric chair that got him.

Rothstein's murder created one of New York's greatest mysteries. The gambler-racketeer had



Cornelius Vanderhilt Whitney's Auxiliary Topsail Schooner "Cressida,"
Which Sitamore Watched Long and Eagerly for a Chance to Rob.

spent hundreds of thousands of dollars in "the right places" and his protectors included men high up in the City and State governments. It was also hinted by revelations after his death that his bribe money had been taken by higher authorities. His murder was investigated, but the investigation was a farce, with the interested parties doing all within their power to shield the political powers who had become involved in Rothstein's organization.

The murder is still a mystery, so far as the police records show. To satisfy the public clamor that went up when the racketeer was killed, Big George McManus, another Broadway gambler, and another friend of both my husband and myself, was hunted, and finally tried for the slaying. He was acquitted. McManus was put forward as the goat to shield the real slayer, and to prevent any further investigation of the murder—investigation that might have proved devastating in official circles.

So far as the underworld was concerned, there was no mystery about the Rothstein murder. None at least if the stories I heard were true. Rothstein, the underworld believes, went to his death at the hands of a frightened boy—a boy who was only a sort of poor relation to crime, not even a criminal in his own right, but just a collector for his father, who was a politician, dealing in crime protection on the side.

The underworld version of the killing is that the youth entered the room in the fashionable hotel on Seventh Avenue where Rothstein, McManus and others were betting thousands of dollars on the turn of a card, and dunned Rothstein for a few hundred dol-

lars which the racketeer owed him. The story is that he became enraged at the inopportune call made by the youth. Rothstein was betting thousands of dollars. He had no time to be annoyed by a demand for a few hundred.

The racketeer lashed out verbally at the youth. Frightened, the boy drew a gun, and with trembling hands pointed it at Rothstein. The action was so unexpected that no one in the room had time to interfere. Rothstein, no coward, whatever else he was, started to rise from his chair, his face twisted with anger. The boy's trembling fingers squeezed too hard on the trigger of the gun, and Broadway's crime czar sank back to the table, a bullet in his stomach.

One of Rothstein's henchmen, released from his surprise by the bark of a gun, jumped halfway across the poker table, grabbed the still hot gun from the youth's hand and hurled it at him. The gun crashed through a screen in an open window and fell onto the street, seven stories below, where it was found by a taxi driver. George McManus, who was chamberlain with the murder later, had nothing to do with it.

That is the story, as I have heard it. There have been stories since Rothstein's death discounting his importance in the criminal field. I have even heard him called "a petty larceny crook."

Do petty larceny crooks have drug caches worth \$4,000,000? Arnold Rothstein did. The Federal authorities understood that fortune in narcotics when going through some of Rothstein's account books after his murder.

And petty larceny crooks don't leave fortunes of several million dollars when they die. Rothstein did. His known fortune was estimated worth \$5,000,000 when he died, although only about \$2,000,000 turned up for tax purposes. How many more millions he had hidden away will never be known.

And petty larceny crooks don't buy stolen jewels to the tune of millions of dollars a year. Rothstein did. I know that because, as I said, he bought \$10,000,000 worth of jewels from my husband Arnold during the seven years between 1921 and 1928. And Harry Sitamore was only one of many jewel thieves who sold their loot to

Rothstein. The racketeer had only one limitation so far as his purchase of stolen jewels went. He would not buy any lot of gems worth less than \$50,000.

"It isn't worth my time," he told Harry.

It was Rothstein, in his role as master fence, who put through the greatest jewel robbery this country has ever known. A gem collection worth \$750,000 was stolen from the owner's bedroom while that owner, a very wealthy woman, was in an adjoining room, not twenty feet away.

In another chapter of these memoirs I have written for The American Weekly I remarked that husbands of rich women had been known to engineer the theft of their wives' jewels. It was so in the case of this three-quarters of a million-dollar gem collection.

The husband in question had himself been a wealthy man, and he married this woman, worth millions. But that husband was a gambler, a gambler who couldn't resist the lure of a spinning roulette wheel, and a gambler who couldn't win. He tossed his entire fortune across the gambling tables, losing a good share of it to Rothstein. Other thousands of dollars that were advanced him by his wife, went the same way.

One night this rash man approached Rothstein in the racketeer's gambling house and asked for a loan. He wanted \$50,000, he said, to "gamble."

"I need it bad, Arnold," the unlucky gambler said. "I'm broke, my wife won't give me any more money, and I have to have a stake. If you will loan it to me, I swear that, win or lose, I will never gamble again."

Rothstein gave him the money, and strangely enough, the gambler won almost \$150,000 in a single night's play. But he didn't quit, he came back to the game the next night, lost all he had won, and the \$50,000 more that he had borrowed from Rothstein.

When that night was over the broken man shuffled into the racketeer's private office.

"I haven't got \$50,000, Arnold, or any part of it, and I can't get it," he said. "but I can fix it so you can have someone steal my wife's jewels, and get your money that way, if you want."

Rothstein sent for my husband. He explained the situation, but said he didn't want to penalize this man's wife any more than was necessary for him to get his own \$50,000 back.

You get the jewels after her husband tips us off that the time is right, and I will sell them back through the company which insures them. I'll make them pay \$65,000—that is \$50,000 for me,



Mrs. Mary Swift Horton, Who Was
Robbed of Her Jewels
by Sitamore.



The Deauville Beach Casino at Miami Beach, Florida.

and \$15,000 for your trouble." That was the racketeer's proposal.

Sitamore laughed at him. "When I steal a \$750,000 bunch of 'ice,' it won't be for \$15,000," Harry said, and he stuck to it, despite Rothstein's efforts to change his mind.

Some other crook stole the jewels of Rothstein. They were sold back to the insurance company for \$65,000, just as Harry had been told they would be, and the husband's gambling stake to Rothstein was marked paid. The "mystery" was never solved, because the wife didn't want it solved.

I told you in an earlier instalment that servants are often important factors either in the foiling or the arranging of a jewel theft. An honest servant is worth almost anything, these days. It is their vigilance that often wrecks the carefully laid plans of jewel thieves—for every robbery frustrated by police, a dozen are frustrated because some loyal servant keeps his eyes on his mistress' gems more carefully than that mistress herself does.

One of Sitamore's most carefully planned jewel robberies was foiled not once but a dozen times by a little French maid, Irene Bordoni, the stage star, was to have been the victim. This will be the first time Miss Bordoni will have heard that her jewels were the object of a campaign by Harry Sitamore, cleverest of all the jewel thieves. His cleverness was thwarted by the French maid, who had only one code—"Stay close to Miss Bordoni's jewels when Miss Bordoni isn't close to them herself"—and who stuck to that code.

Miss Bordoni was spending the Winter in Miami and had a beautiful collection of jewels. So beautiful that my husband decided that he would get them. She was one of the Broadway stars who was taking part in the nightly entertainment furnished guests at her Miami Beach hotel. Harry decided that the best time to steal her jewels would be during the ten minutes when she appeared in the spotlight during the entertainment. There would be a full ten minute period when nothing short of serious illness would cause her to leave the floor—ten minutes during which my husband could feel certain that the actress would not wander back to her suite and find it occupied by a jewel thief.

After several days of watching Miss Bordoni until he knew her routine, Harry slipped away from our table at the hotel one night, just as Miss Bordoni appeared on the stage. He hustled to her rooms. He knocked on the door, to assure himself that no one was inside. When there was no answer, he inserted a key, previously chosen from the 200 or more he owned, in the lock, opened the door, and walked into the reception room. Hardly had he started across this small room, when Miss Bordoni's maid, a pretty French girl, stepped from a door on the other side.

"How did you get in here?" she demanded suspiciously. I said Harry Sitamore was clever. He proved it often when caught in just such a predicament as this.

"Why, I am sorry, I knocked at the door, and when I didn't get any response, I just walked on in. The door was not locked, you see, and I

Jewel Robberies

Mildred Sitamore, Wife of Harry, the King of Jewel Thieves, Who Finally Caught With \$500,000 Worth of Len Gems, Reveals How This Master Thief Worked, Unsuspected, Among the Rich and Fashionable



Mayor A. Frank Katzentine, of Miami.

thought probably this was just an entry hall, and would have to knock on one of these inside doors for admittance."

Harry was wearing evening clothes. He looked like any other fashionable guest of the hotel might have looked, and he fooled the girl. He asked for Miss Bordoni, was told that she was putting on her act, and bowed himself out.

Every night for a week after that, he sought to make his way into Miss Bordoni's suite. And every time, the vigilant maid was there to thwart him. The girl was beginning to suspect that, fashionably dressed as he was, and gentlemanly as he seemed, the stranger who called nightly on her mistress just at the time her mistress was out, was not all he seemed, and Harry Sitamore finally abandoned the theft attempt. Miss Bordoni's vigilant maid saved her mistress the loss of thousands of dollars' worth of gems.

Dishonest servants, however, have earned thousands of dollars by acting as "finger-men" or a jewel thief. A "finger-man" in the argot of the underworld, is a man who tips a thief off to the location of a jewel cache, describes the jewels for him, and then tips the thief off when he coast is clear for their robbery. The "finger-man" himself never commits the robbery, and receives, usually, only about 15 per cent of the proceeds. Even 15 per cent of the loot in a jewel robbery which may result in the theft of \$500,000 worth of gems, is an appreciable amount, however.

Nearly all jewel thieves utilize servants as finger-men, when possible. The servants make the best possible accomplices as they, better than anyone else, know their mistress' routine, and her hiding place for her jewels. It is easy for a servant, too, to leave a door open, so that a thief may make his way into the house.

You rich women, who own large jewel collec-



Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney With His First Wife, Who Was Miss Marie Norton, But They Were Subsequently Divorced and Whitney Married Again.

tions, could well afford to spend all the time that is necessary in choosing your servants with care. A dishonest servant can cost you thousands of dollars. And when you do get an honest servant, take a tip from me and treat him well.

One of the strangest jewel thefts I ever heard of was committed by a servant who had been hired by a wealthy woman, and who never before had been dishonest. His wealthy mistress didn't appreciate his honesty, nor even appreciate that he had the feelings and sensibilities of any other man, servant or not. She made his life miserable with taunts, abuse, and temper. She paid her servants well, and seemed to think that she was entitled to treat them as dogs. This particular man took offense. He didn't want to quit his post, but he did swear to get even. And he got even by stealing nearly three quarters of a million dollars' worth of jewels from his mistress. Then after he stole them he tossed them from a bridge, into a river. He hadn't stolen the jewels for money, simply for revenge.

That theft never has been solved. I heard it because the servant, after his first step into crime, decided that he might as well keep at it, and make money through it. He became a finger-

man. And I can tell you people of the fashionable world another thing. All the finger-men, and "finger-molls," as the underworld calls a finger-woman, aren't among the servant class. Look around you when you hold a reception some night. One of your guests may be the man or woman who will eventually help some jewel thief to steal your gems.

I mentioned in an earlier article that Harry had used one of the world's most prominent society women as a finger-moll. This woman has entrusted into the most fashionable sets of not only the United States, but Europe. But she is a crook. She was the most successful finger-moll my husband ever used, aiding him in seven different jewel robberies during the 1933 Winter season at Miami.

Like the unlucky husband who helped Arnold Rothstein steal the \$750,000 jewel collection, it



One Day While Sitamore Was Watching the Multi-Millionaire's Yacht Through Binoculars from His Hotel Room He Saw Many Guests Who Were Aboard Suddenly Clamber Into Launches and Take Off for Shore. Among the Party as He Watched Them Was His "Finger-Moll." A Few Minutes Before Harry Had Seen Most of the Crew Leave the Ship. And a Few Minutes Later His "Finger-Moll" Called. There Were Only Three Members of the Crew on Board the Yacht and No Guests, She Told Him, and the Time Was Opportune for the Daring Robbery.

was gambling that led this wealthy and respected woman to become a criminal. She had a mania for gambling in any form and, like most gamblers, she couldn't win.

Harry met her first at the Hialeah race track. He had seen her bet thousands of dollars on the horse races. He had found out who she was, and he knew that even her wealth couldn't support her gambling mania forever. On this particular day the woman had lost more than \$5,000 at the track — \$2,500 of it on a single horse, one of Joseph Widener's entries, as I recall it.

With the usual camaraderie of the track, Harry spoke to her, sympathizing with her over her losses. They talked for a few minutes and then drifted apart. A few nights later Harry met her again. This time she was playing roulette in one of Miami's best known gambling clubs. And again she was losing. She had lost several thousand dollars, all the cash she had, and had asked the manager of the club to cash a check. The manager refused.

Harry stepped up to her. "May I cash that check?" he asked. "I have watched you play tonight, and I have seen you bet on the horses. Anybody that can lose as decently as you do must be a good sport."

"But the check is for \$5,000," the startled woman replied.

Harry drew \$5,000 from his pocket and handed it to her.

"Only I would suggest that you try your luck some other place," he added. With the society woman, he went to another club, where, oddly enough, she won \$15,000.

But that winning didn't last long, and when her money was gone she was willing to listen when my husband proposed that she act as a finger-moll for him in the robbery of her fashionable friends. He promised her the usual 15 per cent share in the proceeds of any such robberies.

It was this woman who almost enabled Harry to accomplish the one jewel robbery that has been the ambition for years of every jewel thief in the country—the theft of the \$1,300,000 jewel collection owned by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney. Almost, I said. It wasn't the finger-moll's fault that the robbery failed.

Harry already had used the woman in several fairly large robberies, when she came to him one day, wildly excited. She had just learned that

Mrs. Whitney was en route to Miami in her yacht, the Cressida, and, what was more important to Harry, that Mrs. Whitney was bringing her entire \$1,300,000 worth of gems along.

My husband's eyes sparkled at the chance. He knew that half the crack jewel thieves of this country and Europe had sought at one time or another to rob Mrs. Whitney, and that the other half only wanted a chance to do it. But none had been able to carry out their plans. It became a matter of professional pride with Harry. He decided that he was going to be the one who would acquire that fortune in jewels.

He got one unexpected advantage from fortune. The Cressida, when it plowed into the harbor at Miami, came to anchor at a spot in plain view from our bedroom windows. Harry bought the finest pair of field glasses available, and spent hours in the bedroom, scanning the yacht, studying doorways, comparing them with carefully sketched plans drawn by his finger-moll, and generally becoming acquainted with the boat. I believe that within four days he knew more ways of getting in, out and around the yacht than did Mrs. Whitney herself, and all without ever having set foot aboard it.

The society woman, who had told Harry that the yacht was coming, was to let him know when the best chance for a robbery appeared. This woman was on the boat two or three times every day, which may give you a pretty fair idea of what her social standing was.

One day while Harry was watching the craft through binoculars he saw the many guests who were aboard suddenly clamber into launches and take off for shore. Among the party, as he watched them, was his finger-moll. A few minutes before Harry had seen most of the crew leave the ship. And a few minutes later his finger-moll called. There were only three members of the crew on board the yacht and no guests, she told him.

Harry didn't wait for more. Putting on his bathing suit and fastening a huge ring of keys to his belt, he donned a bathrobe and set out for the shore. He was a strong swimmer. A rope was dangling from the stern of the yacht into the water, and Harry planned to swim out, climb aboard the boat by means of the rope, search out

Continued on Page 23



"NO DEAR, YOU CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT SHAVING"

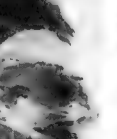
"YOU can't get by without shaving." Your wife—your girl—your associates may not tell you this. But that's what they probably *think* when your face is marred by stubble. For bristles are repulsive to everyone, men and women alike. So how can any man afford to risk the good opinion of others by failing to shave often and well!

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dreamed in which she was playing an organ, part with herself. She was swept away, overwhelmed in the surging depths of the more glorious dream. A big old had dreamed of wealth that easily gotten.

The chip in the drawer crackled into two flames and for a second it cupped the strange face revealing the crystal on its top and the keen eyes staring with astonishment. It was too bright. The chip consumed by its own brilliant radiance became a flaming torch and in the moment when you stare, hoarse and voiceless, you are surrounded through the darkness.

"Where?"

The answer was not in promptness. As it might have been, Flaspeter, who had seen his face in that monstrous flame, and in that terrible gleam black as pitch and so suddenly revealed and lighted, he was not so much startled as in the impact of the most intense stage of what he was now seeing. The flame bursted his vision, and it brought it to the brain. He could have sworn he did not stroke. He laughed a little, some far off.

"Said you a little, yes, Flaspeter. No matter. I've seen him somewhere, and it's quickened my memory."

Melchior Listens

BRINLEY: "The poor de-
voted woman was a
great model at moving her
feet, and she was a
great model at making
her face look like a
flower." He looked at
his mother with the
bright light in his
eyes. They stayed
there for a moment, as
she moved
her head and that lovely
face. He reached the
candle and he pulled
it down. Only a
faint light remained in
the room. He stood
there, waiting.

Elisabeth: "You get your
feet and what you can
move. You can move
free hand and lead it on the
polarized stage." "It's wear-
ing a lot of things, but
you can move them in
this manner. You can lead
your feet, and you can
take a lot of things. You
can take a lot of things
or till another length
when it's in front of
the light. It's in front of
the light. It's in front of
ghost between a. Do you get
me, Elisabeth?"

BRINLEY: "I understand perhap-
sely of words, but all his mean-
ing. He started to run, and
he went on. He was
a minute they stood so
breast, but the cork spoke in
the middle of the room."
"But I shall tell you, Danyo."
"You needn't, Elisabeth!" he
broke in a little roughly.

The two words were spoken in a protesting faith, and her eyes were turned to the girl, who had said "Yes" clearly (sounding as though she had not heard) and had listened, that he might hear a secret that he had long learned to need.

"Then if you must, Elsiebeth," he said, "I will do as you have heard it, a minute later."

The girl needed a little closer to him, and he took her hand. She essayed to speak, but achieved only a broken word, her eyes were turned to him, and she was in a state of intense emotional longing. Having imagination, too, she was able to feel the emotion that was coming, and knew the emotion to be very real, and that it was the only nature by her entirely untempered.

The generation, the scene that was trembling on her to have a life, and she was in a state of intense emotional longing. Having imagination, too, she was able to feel the emotion that was coming, and knew the emotion to be very real, and that it was the only nature by her entirely untempered.

The generation, the scene that was trembling on her to have a life, and she was in a state of intense emotional longing. Having imagination, too, she was able to feel the emotion that was coming, and knew the emotion to be very real, and that it was the only nature by her entirely untempered.

[illegible][illegible]

Halfway between the Yee Givies and the Yee Hing was a group of 100 to 150 men. But he took them into the city with him, and he was the first to go to the police, in the morning, to report the situation. He was the first to go to the police station.

[illegible]

(Continued on Page 18)

I'LL BET IT COSTS A LOT

**NO DEAR, IT ACTUALLY
COSTS LESS THAN OR-
DINARY TOILET PAPER.**

NEXT MORNING *Ruth Goes Shopping.*

..AND BATHROOM TISSUE PLEASE. BUT NOT THE USUAL BRAND THIS TIME. I'M CHANGING TO SEMINOLE. MY FRIENDS SAY IT'S A MUCH BETTER PRODUCT

BEST VALUE I KNOW OF
MRS. BROOKS. YOU'LL FIND
HUNDREDS OF EXTRA SHEETS
IN EVERY ROLL... EVERY SHEET
SNOW-WHITE... AND IT IS
EXTREMELY SOFT, JUST LIKE
COTTON. MORE PEOPLE ARE
BUYING FOR IT EVERY DAY.

I SEE IT HAS A WRAPPER THAT COMPLETELY COVERS THE TISSUE. I'M GLAD OF THAT. I DON'T LIKE THOSE ROLLS WITH THE ENDS UNWRAPPED..THEY ARE UNSANITARY.

A FEW DAYS LATE
TOOK YOUR TIP HAZEL AND BOUGHT
EMINOLE TISSUE. IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN
YOU SAID IT WAS. IT'S ADVERTISED AS
"COTTON SOFT" AND BELIEVE ME

YOU'RE RIGHT MRS. BROOKS
THE BETTER QUALITY TISSUES
ARE ALWAYS FULLY WRAPPED.

AND IT ACTUALLY COSTS
LESS TOO, DOESN'T IT?



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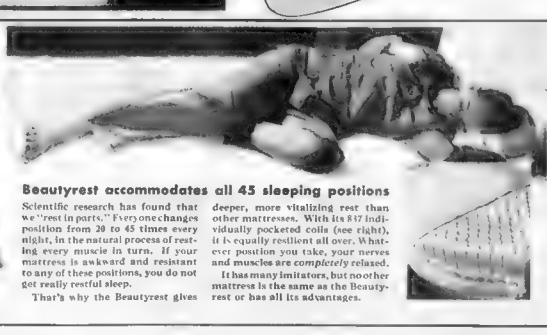
"Millionaire sleep" is a delicious sensation. And it keeps you looking your best, too—it's a real beauty treatment. Yet the cost is only 2 1/4¢ a day! Why don't you have a Beautyrest delivered at once? Your dealer will gladly tell you about his Convenient Payment or Budget plan—you can pay for it while you use it.

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MADE BY THE WORLD'S LARGEST MAKERS OF BEDS, SPRINGS, MATTRESSES, STUDIO COUCHES AND METAL FURNITURE

The Mating of Dan Yeo *By* Otwell Binns

(Continued from Page 22)

that floated in some thick oil. He applied the match to the wick, and as it caught, looked round.

The chamber was a wide one, with unglazed openings in the wall that served for windows. There was some furniture, a table, two or three chairs, a couch bed in a corner all of some dark wood, and beautifully carved, the work no doubt of the Dutch artist who had shaped the statue in the temple. Yeo noted it all with appreciation, and guessed that this was the old Elizabethan's chamber kept thus unused against his return. As the girl went for food, he laughed to himself.

"A blessed fairy-tale! But true. I wonder if old Dan Yeo knows? I hope he doesn't! He'd appreciate the joke, I'll wager."

He moved to one of the windows and looked forth. So far as he could make out in the darkness, the drop below was sheer, and the view was that of the lagoon and of the wide reef beyond. Of the latter fact while he stared forth he was assured, for unexpectedly, he saw again the red light, far out in the darkness, and found it an omen of good hope.

Yet, notwithstanding the vein of recklessness in his nature, that night he took no chances; for when he had eaten and Elsiebeth had retired, he himself did not seek the ancient couch in the corner, but kept his chair, with the intention of watching through the night.

Except for the eternal diapason of the sea on the reef and the wuthering of the wind in the windows, everything was quiet,

and his vigil was for a long time so uneventful that he found himself nodding. Twice that happened and after the second time to rouse himself he walked to one of the openings and looked forth.

The night had cleared, the stars were burning brightly, and the low moon sinking below the horizon threw a broad patch of light across the sea, making the breakers on the reef plainly visible. He stared at them a long time, thinking that just so that before the attack of nostalgia had driven him forth on that last voyage from which he had not returned, he wondered what had befallen him. Had he fallen into wild hands and become the piece of resistance at some mas-eating festival, or had he been lost in some tide-rip of these strange seas, his last thoughts divided between "fayre Devon" and this remote island where his word was law and where he had left his daughter to rule? In either case, in Yeo's imagination he loomed a great and lonely figure, his spirit reflected in the challenging attitude of the image which he had set up in the temple in the grove of the sacred birds.

"The world in one hand," he thought aloud, "the other on the sword... He had the gist of the business of making a kingdom... They knew how to do it in the old days."

He went back to his chair, and seating himself let his fancy play about his own wild purpose; though in truth he found nothing wild in it. The thing was feasible. A man could carry it through with his own right arm, and with the legend of old Dan Yeo

behind him could scarcely fail—not if he really meant the business. And there was Elsiebeth...

There his thought lingered, until with the everlasting rumble of the sea for lullaby, he once more began to nod, and finally slipped into profound slumber.

Half an hour later he awakened out of sleep with a slight sound of creaking in his ears. At first he took little note of it, thinking it was nothing but one of those sounds so common in old chambers in the night stillness. Then it came again, very distinct, and remarkably like the sound that an opening door might make.

Instantly he was on the alert. The primitive lamp had long ago burned itself out, and save for the faint light of a star shining through the window-opening the chamber was in darkness so complete that he could not see the door, though, as he knew, his chair was exactly opposite it. A third creak followed, and whilst he told himself that most certainly the door was opening, he braced himself for the attack that he divined was coming.

But nothing happened. There was no more sound of creaking, and the chamber was profoundly still. Yet he waited, alert, every sense tense and strained, convinced that he had not been mistaken as to the reality and cause of the sounds. They were not figments of the mind. Someone had opened the door of the chamber, and the surreptitiousness of the approach argued that the purpose of the visit was an evil one.

"Who?" he thought. The question in his mind was checked by a softer sound—a new sound—a sound so faint that

had he not been listening so intently, he must have missed it altogether.

It puzzled him sorely for a moment, then it came again—the kind of noise made by a man when he puts the tip of the tongue between teeth and lips to propel something violently. The revelation of the truth broke on him swiftly—*It was a snuff!*

As the words leaped to his mind, a little shiver passed up his spine, then silently as possible, he slid from the chair to his knees and crouched low on the floor. A blow-pipe when it propels poisoned darts may be more deadly than a gun, for no more than a scratch is needed to twist a man in agonized knots; and whoever stood in that open doorway was using a blow-pipe.

"Shooting at the corner where the bed is," he thought to himself. "Trying chance shots. I'd give a dollar to know who the beggar is." It was impossible to see even the form of the man in the darkness beyond the doorway, and he thought of the tin box of safety matches in his pocket. If he thought before it was completed. To strike a match would be to reveal the target to the inviolable assassin, and death would find him just as swiftly as a dart could fly.

He felt for the pistol in the pocket of his tunic. If he fired at the doorway he could scarcely miss the intruder, but again he dismissed the idea. He did not know how many men might be in the business, and he judged it better to wait developments. "Phut!... Phut!... Phut!" The sounds came at regular intervals, and once or twice there

were lighter noises as of some light things glancing off the stores of the chamber or off hardwood. These lighter sounds came from the corner where the couch was, proving that his surmise had

been the right one, and crouching on the floor in the darkness, he grinned to himself. "I must have been a pincushion by this if—"

movement by the doorway, and he tensed suddenly, ready for a spring. "Beggar's coming in," he

(Continued on Page 24)

HOW TO IMPROVE YOUR CAR'S PERFORMANCE



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Plumbing for Health and Convenience

By Mrs. Christine Frederick.
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

PROBABLY the one single and most revealing factor which dates a house and gives away its age is its plumbing. Or, to put it more jokingly, one may remark that a house is no older than its bathroom.

Certainly no other house construction and installation may be so untimely, or equally well, so smart, stylish and stepped up in line with the streamlined locomotive, the low-wing auto or the newest airplane.

In approaching this angle of home modernization, there are several choices open to the home owner. Additional facilities for water supply and increased abundance of hot water for all purposes may be provided, or the present bathroom, water heaters, etc., may be replaced with newer and more efficient units for such purposes; or, last, the decoration, furnishings and small fixtures of present bathrooms may be changed, done more colorfully, or more in keeping with the modern manner. Any one of these possibilities, or a combination of all of them, will result in plumbing for health and convenience.

Starting with the latter, one cannot regard that kitchen as modern which does not possess some type of gas water heater which is truly automatic. The word automatic means self-regulating and self-regulating, spontaneous, giving absolutely no care or requiring no attention, and only a very small percentage of the gas water heaters now in use are really automatic.

The genuinely automatic water heater incurs clear hot water free from sediment, pure water from the faucet which may be used in cooking, no delay in waiting for a bath or for plenty of hot water for every purpose. A heater of this type means that the sinks and all other drains are so constantly flushed with hot water that they do not get clogged, but remain free for use to wash vegetables, etc.

There are several good types of such automatic heaters and they may be installed in many convenient locations—anywhere except in the cellar or basement, which location requires useless tracking up and down merely to turn the gas on or off. The rear entry is an excellent location for such a heater.

A new position seen in the most recently built homes is a small closet recessed in the wall itself of rear or kitchen wing. An opening is left in the wall about two or three feet up from the floor level, and in this recess the heater may be placed so that the gas-cock is just about on a convenient waist level. Instead of a solid closet door, the heater is concealed by a shutter door, which also provides the necessary air and ventilation. This high placement keeps the heater out of reach of children, and prevents accumulation of dust under it, and makes lighting and care easier.

The older former practice in bathroom arrangement was to make the bathroom a nearly perfect rectangle, requiring considerable space. Today the fixtures are both more compact and made in smaller sizes so that all space may be conserved. Irregularities in room shape may be taken advantage of by installing a tub of a square design in one corner and by locating the lavatory and the washbasin in the odd corner of the room.

A comparatively small space will provide a convenient, practical small bathroom. Or the tub may be placed in a recess on one side, again saving space in the room proper. Many old houses have a useless closet or small sewing room or nursery bedroom now outgrown, which would make an ideal bathroom, or additional bathroom. Both the home owner and the real estate expert agree that the trend today is for more and extra bathrooms.

However, if no present space is sufficient in which to install bathing facilities with tub and standard equipment, there is often adequate space for a new shower. A very excellent and satisfactory shower can be placed in a minimum floor space; this additional shower is very welcome to the children, or is a sanitary feature for the maid or other help.

In the best homes being built, showers are replacing the built-in bath in the servants' quarters. A shower on the first floor, or even what adjacent to the rear entrance, or to a back stairs, as well as on the bathroom floor, is highly satisfactory, and one of the best forms of heating is the electric unit for heating small amounts of water quickly. There are many low-priced fixtures of the pedestal type, or of the equally well-designed model which has a china slab set on chromium legs, which would make any room into a real guest-room. These smaller units are now made in the most decorative pastel colors, often having a wide table-like top, or accompanying right-hand dressing or toilet surface, which is most convenient

and especially liked by the younger set. Again, many a fine older house, which has a liberal provision for bathing on the bedroom floor, lacks adequate sanitary comfort on the ground floor level. It is hardly too much to say that one cannot have a really convenient and modern house unless there is a toilet on the ground floor level, or a bathroom, or a little used half-bath, may frequently be transformed into such a convenience feature at little cost.

In considering such modernizations, it is well to study the relative merits of the type of lavatory which is installed on concealed hangers, with that which is set on a pedestal. Both are good, but the former saves space, and has no legs to take up floor room. Often the space under a wall type lavatory may be concealed with a small wooden cupboard serving to hold toilet tissue, cleaners, etc.

Again, there are different types of toilets with consequent different functioning. As a prominent building authority states: "The difference in cost between a syphon jet toilet and less expensive ones is so slight that it should not be considered unless where strict economy is necessary." In the syphon jet toilet the water movement through the jet creates an immediate action which is strong and thorough. The water in the bowl level drops rapidly, and the large water seal on the hands and knees taking care and action, as well as improvement in the appearance of the room.

An electric wall heater, built in near the floor level, is another suggestion for the modernized bathroom, which will much to increase bathing comfort at odd times of the year when the regular heating system may not be operating. There are several types of this heating unit. A small portable gas-heated radiator, or an electric radiator, may be built or recessed into the bathroom quite easily and at little expense.

In all plumbing renovation or modernization work, it is necessary to call in a contractor-plumber and secure a complete

estimate. Plumbing is the last job to be done by the day, the piece, or the hour, as any one who has ever tried that practice knows.

Remember, too, that a great deal of plumbing is concealed, but that, nevertheless, this concealed piping and other material must be of highest quality, if the whole system is to work efficiently and to stand up under service. Pipes should be of non-rusting material so that accumulations of rust or particles will not discolor and taint the water. Traps must be set at the right level and at the proper pitch if

they are not to clog up or burst under frost pressure.

Moreover, the exposure of the bathroom should be considered nothing being more disastrous than a chilly northern exposure, for example, or a location where the windows are so placed that the radiation is inadequate. The hot water boiler holding the 80 gallons or other amount of hot water must also be properly located and well "jacketed" to give the best results.

It took the author several months to find why the water to an upper level bath never got hot quickly. The answer was that

the boiler was too far away from the return hot water pipes leading to the bathroom!

Again, the practice of installing a water coil in the furnace is generally of little value, taking needed heat away from rooms which the heater should handle, and being a system quite out of commission when the heating plant is operating low, or not at all.

Briefly, plumbing is to the house much what the blood stream is to the body. It is a system, and must be installed as an entire and well engineered system, and not considered as a collection of units, no matter how pretty these separate lavatory, bowl, etc., may look in colored pictures or in a catalog.

The various units which appear almost as room furniture are but the focal points of a concealed but vital water system, and the functioning of these visible units depends entirely on both the quality of materials and on the quality of the skill which installs them. This caution is stressed because all too frequently the home owner tackling this modernization is more conscious of the fixtures and more willing to spend money on them than he is to spend it on fundamentals of the mechanical system which makes breakdown less of a risk or menace.

The rightly installed plumbing system makes possible a dependable, automatic, abundance of water—both cold and hot—and better, easier, more convenient housework, and increased family health and morale.

The Mating of Dan Yeo

(Continued from Page 12)

thought to himself, and waited tensely.

But apparently the unseen man had no such intention for the sound was not repeated, and the phat! phat! that indicated the propulsion of each arrow from the slingshot also ceased. Yeo calmly speculated on the reason for the cessation and picked on the case in all probability the right one.

"Out of ammunition," he grinned again at the thought, then slowly, and as silently as a tiger stalking its prey, he began to creep forward on hands and knees taking care and action, as well as improvement in the appearance of the room.

when the intruder made a move.

The main senses of primitive man, sight, hearing, scent are quicker, more sensitive to stimuli than those of the civilized, and possibly one of these or all three of them together informed the man in the doorway of Yeo's stealthy presence.

Anyway he moved suddenly. Yeo caught the sound of a naked foot on the earthen floor beyond the doorway, and half lifted himself up and launched forward swiftly in a single movement taking his chance in the darkness.

His hands touched naked limbs but failed to get a hold. Something slipped to the floor. The intruder gave a gasping sound, and sprang backward, ran down the passage. Yeo started to follow, then desisted, guessing

By Otwell Binns

the uselessness of pursuit in the darkness and having at the same time a thought that if the man carried a knife he might wait for him and give the killing stroke in some dark corner.

He waited until the pad of naked feet had quite died away, then he struck a match. By its light he easily found the thing which he had heard fall—a long hollow cane, with an iron spear-head tied on one end, spear and blow-pipe in one. While the match burned he returned to the chamber, carrying the barbaric weapon with him, and once inside with the door shut, he struck another match and a little gingerly approached the couch.

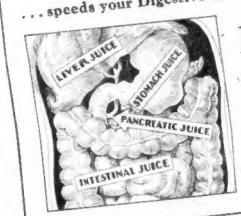
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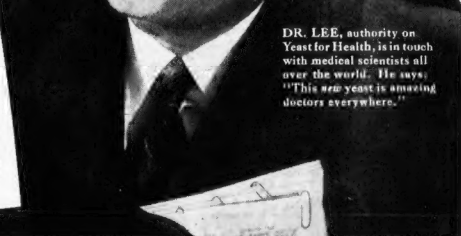


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The reason is Hormone-like substances in this new "XR" Yeast stimulate your digestive juices and the muscular action of your digestive tract so nothing else can!



DR. G. ROSENTHAL, Ph.D., conducted the tests on digestive juices.



DR. LEE, authority on Yeast for Health, in touch with medical scientists all over the world. He says: "This new yeast is amazing! Doctors everywhere."

Corrects constipation and related indigestion, skin troubles faster. It is very rich in hormone-like substances. (Newly added Vitamin "A" helps you to combat colds, too!)

HAVE YOU TRIED IT? Everybody is talking about the new "XR" Yeast. From the hundreds of questions, Dr. Lee answers these:

- 1. Just what is "XR" Yeast?**
It's a new, stronger "strain" of fresh yeast—a new variety—distinctly different from the old yeast, a great U. S. medical claim. It acts more vigorously... faster inside you!
- 2. What is its Importance to Health?**
A majority of common health troubles come from a slowing up of your digestive juices (see chart above)... and digestive action.
* "XR" Yeast, through its richness in hormone-like substances (natural body "activators") stimulates these juices to flow faster and strengthens the digestive muscles from the stomach on down.
Your food is thus better "churned"—digested—moved through your body faster. Indigestion, that "stuffed" feeling after meals—and constipation—therefore usually soon go!

- 3. Does it contain Drugs?**
No! It's a food. Entirely unlike harsh cathartic drugs which act usually by means of irritants—poisonous to the system, or "nervousness" of your digestive system... really corrects constipation, etc.—naturally.
- 4. Will it clear the Skin quicker?**
Yes! By clearing you out "inside," it purifies your blood—and this means a healthier skin and complexion. Actually, your skin gains "tone." Pimples, boils, etc., disappear sooner.
- 5. How about frequent Headaches?**
Painful absorbed from the intestines, or (as some doctors hold) pressure on the abdominal nerves when you're constipated, cause many headaches. The condition underlying such headaches is cleared up by "XR" Yeast. Headaches often cease.

- 6. Will it retard the onset of "Old Age"...** relieve Rheumatism?
"Old age" is often due to slow digestive secretions. Rheumatism is also often associated with intestinal disorders. "XR" Yeast corrects this condition, removes a cause of premature aging—is often beneficial for rheumatism.
- 7. Do Colds occur less frequently?**
"XR" Yeast combats colds by cleansing the system—and by supplying the newly added

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START TO EAT IT NOW ... 3 cakes a day—plain or dissolved in one third of a glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. If you're taking cathartics, discontinue them gradually. Eat Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast regularly and after you've got quicker results... until you feel thoroughly well again! Buy 9 cakes (enough for the first 3 days) and start now.



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"It is more efficacious," writes Mrs. Mabel Kinneer, States Island, N. Y.: "Several years ago my doctor prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast to 'regulate' me... my improvement at that time was remarkable. Lately, I felt sluggish and nervous again. I ate the new Fleischmann's 'XR' Yeast... now I feel wonderful. It does act quickly."

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Roylace DOUBL-EDGE SHELF PAPER

Economical and Delicious New Dishes

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Hot Mayonnaise Puffs.

FOLD 1 stiffly beaten egg white into 1 cup mayonnaise. Pile lightly on crackers and toast under broiler about 1 minute or until delicately browned and puffed. Serve immediately.

Alligator Pear Mayonnaise.

PRESS 1 alligator pear through potato ricer. To 1 cup of this pulp add 1 well beaten egg yolk, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/2 desired 1/4 teaspoon dry mustard. Add 1 1/4 to 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Serve as a salad dressing or as a sauce for hot asparagus. If you wish to vary the flavor add a few drops of onion juice just before serving. Add finely cut chives, chutney, ginger, celery pimiento or any other favorite relish or piquant sauce as desired. A little Roquefort cheese blended into the sauce may be used.

Sweet Potatoes with Pine-apple and Maple Syrup.

CUT sweet potatoes in round slices about one-quarter or one-sixth inch thick. Arrange in an earthenware baking dish with alternate slices of pineapple. Pour maple syrup over them and bake until brown. Just before serving garnish with marshmallows and replace in oven to toast the marshmallows.

Ham Waffles.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon soda, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar. Beat 2 egg yolks until light, add 1 1/2 cups milk and 1/4 cup melted butter or other shortening. Fold in 2 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour some of the batter (about 1/4) into hot, greased waffle iron. Sprinkle batter with 1/4 cup finely chopped raw ham just before closing iron. Bake as usual.

Jellied Honeydew Salad.

PREPARE 1 package lime flavored gelatin according to directions on package. Chill. When slightly thickened, fold in 1 1/2 or 2 cups honeydew melon balls that have been shaped with a French vegetable scoop. Turn into individual molds and chill until firm. Unmold on crisp lettuce and serve with favorite salad dressing.

Cream Cheese Sticks.

MIX and sift 2 cups flour, 2 teaspoons salt and 3 tablespoons sugar. Cream 1/2 pound butter and add 1 package cream cheese and continue beating until smooth. Work into the flour mixture, handling as little as possible. Chill in refrigerator overnight. Turn out and roll on floured board. Cut in strips and bake as cheese straws.

Cheese and Apricot Pastry.

CREAM 2 1/2 cups cream cheese with 1/4 pound butter. Add 1/2 pound flour sifted with a few grains salt. Work into a dough and chill overnight in refrigerator. Roll very thin and cut into squares. Place a large piece of stewed or canned apricot on each square. Press the four corners together, place on baking sheet and bake in a hot oven until delicately brown. Sprinkle with powdered sugar while warm.

Chocolate Cake with Frozen Whipped Cream.

CREAM 1/2 cup butter, 1 1/4 cups granulated sugar and beat well. Add 2 eggs and beat vigorously. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon soda. Add alternately with 1 cup sour milk to the first

mixture. Flavor with 1 teaspoon vanilla and add 4 squares (ounces) chocolate, melted over hot water. Pour into 2 buttered and floured layer cake pans and bake in a moderately hot oven. Turn out and serve while warm with frozen whipped cream (flavored and sweetened to taste before freezing).

Tangerine Sherbet.

S OAK 1 teaspoon gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water. Add 1/2 cup boiling water and stir until dissolved. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, grated rind of 2 tangerines, 1/2 cup tangerine juice and pulp, a few grains salt and a few drops lemon juice. Freeze to a mush. Beat 1 egg yolk until very light and creamy and combine with 1/2 cup cream, beaten until stiff, and sweeten with 3 tablespoons sugar. Add to gelatin mixture. Finish freezing.



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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Hot Cereal with Raisins, Eggs, Toasted Buns, Lemonade Scalloped Fish, Baked Potatoes or Macaroni, Steamed Spinach, Shred Tomato and Raw Spinach Salad.	Breakfast Dried Pineapple and Eggs, Hot Cereal, Bread, Toasted Buns, Coffee, Lemonade Scalloped Fish, Baked Potatoes or Macaroni, Steamed Spinach, Shred Tomato and Raw Spinach Salad.	Breakfast Canned Corn, Eggs, Toasted Buns, Lemonade Scalloped Fish, Baked Potatoes or Macaroni, Steamed Spinach, Shred Tomato and Raw Spinach Salad.	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Toasted Buns, Lemonade Scalloped Fish, Baked Potatoes or Macaroni, Steamed Spinach, Shred Tomato and Raw Spinach Salad.	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Toasted Buns, Lemonade Scalloped Fish, Baked Potatoes or Macaroni, Steamed Spinach, Shred Tomato and Raw Spinach Salad.	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Toasted Buns, Lemonade Scalloped Fish, Baked Potatoes or Macaroni, Steamed Spinach, Shred Tomato and Raw Spinach Salad.	Breakfast Fruit, Hot Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Toasted Buns, Lemonade Scalloped Fish, Baked Potatoes or Macaroni, Steamed Spinach, Shred Tomato and Raw Spinach Salad.

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(This is a true story based upon facts taken from an unsolicited letter written by La France user.)

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Just a few pennies can save you 30 to 60 minutes' hard washday work. Your grocer has this wonderful washday discovery—and it's never more than 10 cents. No more hard rubbing... no more separate bluing rinses with all that extra lifting of heavy wet clothes. La France speeds up any soap... never hurts any fabric that's safe in water... blues and whiten perfectly without spots or streaks. Endorsed by leading washing machine manufacturers... and sold under a money-back guarantee. What could be fairer?

Start tomorrow—have the easiest washday—the whitest clothes you've ever known! A trial will win you, too.

FREE! Mail the coupon below for a test package of La France enough for one large tub. We'll also send a sample of Santee. You add Santee to bluing water. It makes your iron glide easier. La France and Santee are products of General Foods.

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____
(Print name and address in full, including zip code.)

1. Add it to your suds!
2. Makes the soap work better, faster.
3. Blues at the same time, saving you one whole hard step.
4. Less work—whiter clothes!

MAGIC LA FRANCE!

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